C-2915-6

Northern Messenger

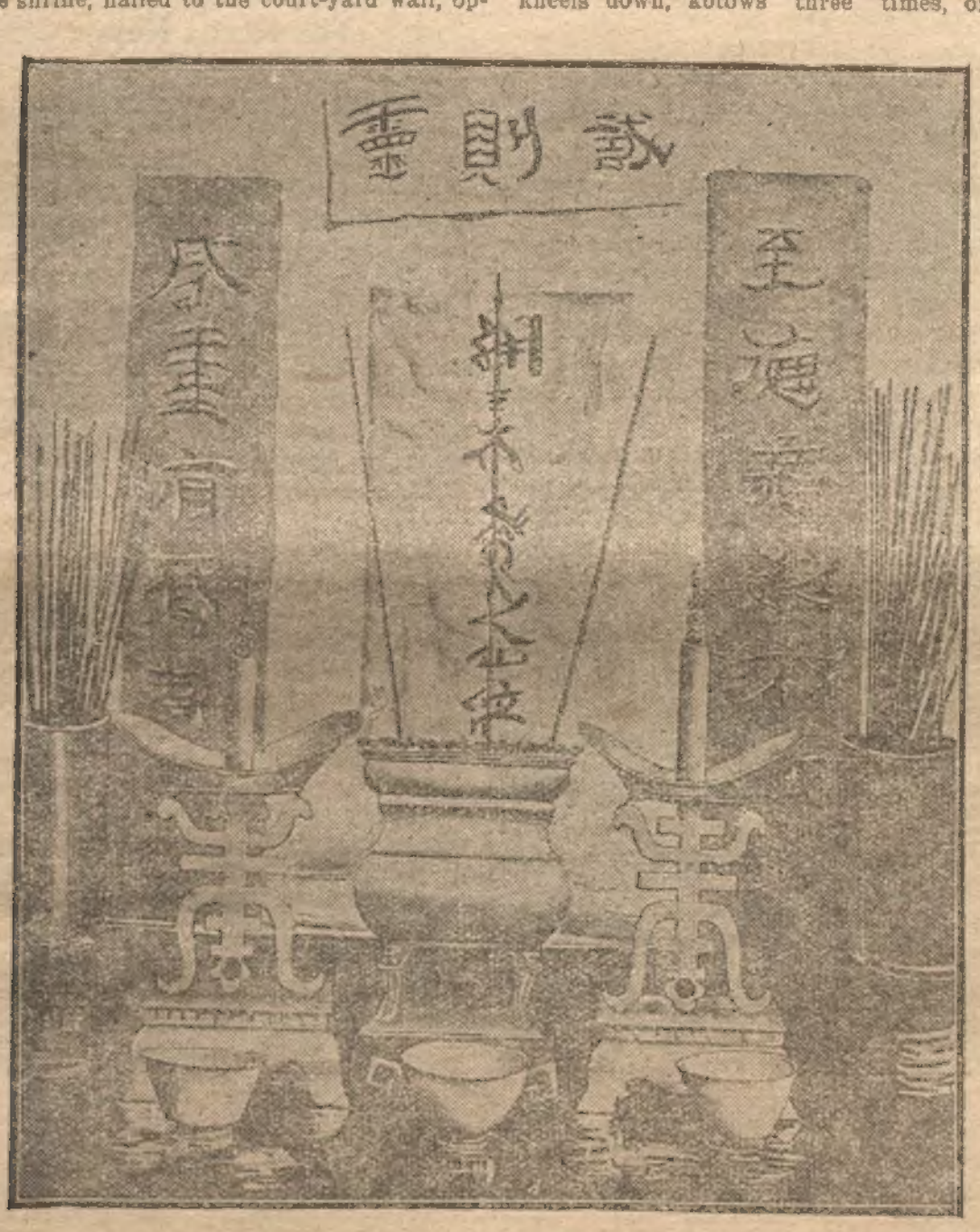
VOLUME XXXVII. No. 14. MONTREAL, APRIL 4, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Strange Worship in China.

(By Rev. Jas. Carson, B.A., in 'Daybreak.')

The picture which you see before you is a tablet erected to the worship of the Fox—a form of religious service not at all uncommon in Manchuria. This is the very tablet worshipped by the Taotai, or chief magistrate, of Newchwang, up to the day of his flight during the late troubles.

The moment he fled from the Yamen, or official residence, the looters set to work, and carried off everything that was removable. At last there remained only this little shrine, nailed to the court-yard wall, opposite the private apartments of the Mandarin. Their superstitious fears would not allow them to touch it; or, perhaps, they thought it not worth carrying away!



TABLET FOR FOX WORSHIP.

The Chinese have a great reverence for the crafty little fox, as the animal into which they think human spirits enter in preference to any other, and are, therefore, afraid to destroy it or displease it.

And the Manchus are still more given to animal worship—including the tiger, the stoat, the bean-rat, etc.—than even the Chinese proper.

In Moukden there is a temple to the fox; and almost every garden in Kirin has its wooden shrine, the size of a large doll-house, where adoration is paid to Mr. and Mrs. Fox and family.

Now, do not suppose that this religious service is performed by the poor and ignorant only. The devotees are amongst the highest in the land, even the Governors and Viceroys of Provinces.

And why is this? Because the wily little fellow is supposed to have control of the official seals belonging to the high offices of government.

In the absence of a temple, a room in the Yamen is set apart for religious purposes. There is no image or likeness to be seen; but only a tablet with an inscription such as you see. The official enters the room, kneels down, kotows three times, offers three cups of wine, three sticks of incense, and lights two red candles. Observe in the picture the three sticks of incense resting in the incense-burner.

Then, again, another reason why the fox received such adoration is the belief that it has the power of changing at will into the human form, or of entering the bodies of men and women.

Many of the 'Boxers' claimed that they were so possessed. And so they were, but by something more wicked than the fox.

Now, as to the meaning of the Chinese 'characters' or words on the tablet. The three horizontal words at top read: 'The sincere seeker shall find.'

The vertical column in the middle means: 'The Sacred Shrine of His Honor, Mr. Fox.'

And the inscriptions at the sides are in praise of the object of worship: 'Thy great virtue penetrates to the most secret places in nature.' 'If men would but acknowledge the honor of thy majesty, all places would be filled with thy glory.'

In that awful catalogue of sin with which the Apostle charges mankind, is not this special sin to be found, namely, changing the glory of the Incorruptible God for the likeness of a four-footed beast; and worshipping and serving the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed for ever.—Amen

Beyond the River.

'We know but little about the other side,' said a lady in regard to the land beyond the river.

A friend said to her: 'You know that we invited you to visit us a year or two ago, and you came. When you received the invitation you had no idea about our house, the scenery, surroundings or country. Indeed, you had never seen any place with which you could compare it, and so form any idea of it. But this you did know—that you would be most joyfully received with open arms, and, knowing this, you were fully satisfied. The scenery would come after the welcome.'

Another similar incident is worthy of recording. A lady who has very recently passed over was preceded by her son, and her thoughts as well as her heart followed after him, and she often expressed a wish that she could know about his home and surroundings—a wish most natural to a cherishing mother, the desire that such a mother has for any absent child.

Her husband said to her: 'Suppose I were somewhere in the continent of Asia, and that you knew that I was perfectly familiar with the country and with the people, and that the people were my friends. And suppose that our son were also in Asia. Now, which would you prefer to know—that our son were in some particular locality which you could point out on the map, or to know that he was with me?'

We shall be with Christ. That is enough! —'Friendly Greetings.'

Our Post Office Crusade.

A short time ago two appeals came from India for papers. I had never had any communication with the missionaries who sent these. It rather troubled me to know how I was to supply the new demand. Almost immediately after their arrival, however, offers of help came and one gentleman, Mr. D. M. Kinley, of Coventry, Ont. mailed sufficient funds to supply six native gentlemen with papers for a year and one for six months. A number have taken names and some have kindly sent me papers. It would be best, however, for people to mail their papers direct to India and thus save postage, 1c for every two ounces. Parcels must be carefully done up, clearly addressed and full postage paid.

'Donald,' I am glad to say, has received a warm welcome from his Canadian cousins. Several nice papers are going to him. One

little girl, who writes a beautiful hand, is going to send him 'The Young People's Weekly' direct from the publisher. A boy who evidently is a clear-headed business-like lad, will supply him with the 'Northern Messenger.' A mission Band are seriously considering the idea of mailing him 'The Boys' Own' direct from the publisher.

One year ago I received a request from a well-known Presbyterian missionary abroad asking for 'The Weekly Montreal Witness,' 'Northern Messenger,' and 'World Wide' for a reading room in one of the most noted Presbyterian colleges of India.

When money comes to me and I have any idea of the denomination of the giver, I always send papers to their own missions or field in India. Fortunately I had sufficient for the request above, and so ordered these three papers. They were read by 198 Hindus, 122 Mohammedans and 30 Christians. This subscription is about expired. How are we to drop it? Could not many who receive the 'Northern Messenger' send me small contributions; even five cents will be thankfully received. If more than the amount required is received, it will be devoted to sending out papers. Please don't forget the Reading Rooms. I have a list of several and have already had to drop one for want of sufficient funds. While writing this letter the mail has come in. Away from beautiful British Columbia, near to a place from which I hear every week, comes a bright letter from a little girl who says 'please do not publish my name.' Well, I won't, but you must let me tell the children about all the stamps you have sent to me for 'Donald.' I owe him a letter, and will send them on. Now, let me aid that there is a stamp fever on in India. All the missionaries' children and many young natives are collecting stamps, so I had better put Donald's address in full here. He can give away what stamps he does not require.

Address: Master Donald Morrison, Kasur, Punjab, India.

Writing of stamps, a pathetic incident occurred in my work some months ago. A missionary wrote to me telling me of a young Hindu gentleman who was an enthusiastic stamp gatherer. This young gentleman wrote to me as well, a merry boyish letter, telling me about his playing polo and all sorts of manly sports. He added, however, 'I am a Christian, I have had the change of heart.' Before I had time to reply a letter came, saying 'Clement is dead, died suddenly with cholera, and we are all mourning for him, he was so bright and lovable.'

The morning's mail brought another pleasant surprise. A Christian Endeavor Circle in Ontario are sending me per C. P. R. (freight prepaid) over 100 books for the Post Office Crusade. These will be placed in French Sunday schools and French reading rooms where English is understood.

I feel so thankful to these kind friends and to all the others who by their words of cheer, stamps and, I hope, prayers, are showing their good will for The 'Northern Messenger' Post Office Crusade.

Faithfully,

(MRS.) M. E. COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

[All letters to Mrs. Cole requiring a reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope or postcard.—Editor.]

When people understand what alcohol is, and what it does, they will put it out of existence.—Willard Parker, M.D.

Finding One's Self in a Hymn

A young man had been struggling and praying against evil habits. His soul cried out for overcoming faith day by day, and spiritual power came to him in an unexpected way. He opened an old hymn book and read a hymn, whose first words were:

'The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways.'

The phrase 'all-sufficient grace,' seemed to meet the wants of his soul. The words lifted him up on the wings of faith.

His spiritual life grew, and he used to repeat the words day by day. He learned the whole hymn and found special strength in the lines:

'He by himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonder of His grace
For evermore.'

'The man who wrote that hymn,' he said, 'must have had a struggle like my own.'

He tried to find the biography of the writer, whose name was Olivers, a travelling preacher in the days of Wesley. He found it at last, and read, 'He was under the deepest conviction of sin and desire for righteousness. He fasted and prayed until his knees grew stiff.'

So one may find himself in a true hymn. So one life may lift another, and one taper 'light many lamps.' The future shall share all our victories of faith. We live for all time.—Hezekiah Butterworth.

The Irishman and the Priest.

A poor Irishman came to his priest and asked permission to read the Bible.

'But,' said the priest, 'the Bible is for priests, and not for other people.'

'Is that so?' answered he. 'But I have read in the Bible, "Thou shalt teach it to thy children;" and priests have no children.'

'But, Michael,' said the priest, 'you cannot understand the Bible. It is not written for people like you.'

'Ah, your Reverence, if I cannot understand it it will do me no harm, and what I do understand of it does me a great deal of good.'

'Listen, Michael,' said the priest; 'you must go to church, and the church will instruct you; the church will give you the pure milk of God's Word.'

'But where does the church get this if not out of the Bible? Ah, your Reverence, pardon me, but I would rather have the cow myself.'—'Am. Messenger.'

Enthusiasm.

You can do nothing without enthusiasm. You cannot carry on a charitable relief society or a political club with cold-blooded men.

And the kingdom of God is more than a club. No enterprise depends so absolutely on the high enthusiasm of its members; it utilizes all kinds of power, but it succeeds in proportion as the mercury stands high in the thermometer. Its great captains have all been of the impassioned order. George Buchanan was the finest Scotch scholar of the sixteenth century, but it was fiery John Knox, and not the Latin writer, that recast Scotland. Erasmus was the finest scholar anywhere of that century, but Luther led the European Reformation. It was not the learned Alexandrian, Apollos, that evangelized the Roman Empire, but that inspired madman, St. Paul.

History affords at every turn some impregnable fortress which was the despair of the wise and prudent, but was carried by some enthusiast with a rush. He cast his reputation, his life, his all, into the breach, and his body made the bridge over which the race entered into its heritage. Christian sentiment condemned the gladiatorial show, and a pseudo Christian emperor forbade it. But many were butchered to make a Roman holiday, till a monk, carried beyond control, flung himself into the arena, and was stoned to death. From the days of Telemachus until now, the kingdom of heaven has been served by 'the violent,' and the violent have carried it to victory.—'Ian Maclaren.'

The Right Key.

You have lost the key of the chest, and after trying all the keys you possess, you are obliged to send out for a smith. The tradesman comes with a huge bunch of keys of all sorts and sizes. To you they appear to be a singular collection of rusty instruments. He looks at the lock, and then he tries first one key and then another. He has not touched it yet, and your treasures are still out of your reach. Look, he has found the likely key; it almost touches the bolt, but not quite. He is evidently on the right track now. At last the chest is opened, for the right key has been found.

This is a correct representation of many a perplexity. You cannot get at the difficulty so as to deal with it aright and find your way to a happy result. You pray, but have not the liberty in prayer which you desire. A definite promise is what you want. You try one and another of the inspired words, but they do not fit. You try again, and in due season a promise presents itself which seems to be made for the occasion; it fits as exactly as a well made key fits the wards of the lock for which it was originally prepared. Having found the identical word of the living God, you hasten to plead it at the throne of grace, saying, 'O my Lord, thou hast promised this good thing unto thy servant; be pleased to grant it!' The matter is ended; sorrow is turned to joy; prayer is heard.—C. H. Spurgeon.

What One Boy Did.

A blind man in Madras was able to repeat the first few chapters of St. John's Gospel. When asked how he had been able to learn them, he said that a lad who had been taught in a mission Sunday school had been working in that village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had so often read this aloud that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had since left the village, not a word of the precious message had been forgotten.

What grand opportunities are offered to every boy and girl to spread the Gospel! Wherever you go, always remember to speak a word for Jesus.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Son of Shakespeare.

(By Elbridge S. Brooks, in 'Harper's Round Table.')

Many years ago had you been, let us say, a tinker travelling with your wares or a knight riding by, you might have passed, upon a small arched bridge that spanned a little river in the heart of 'Merrie England,' a small boy, hanging over the railing, now watching the rippling water, or with eager eyes looking along the roadway that ran between green meadows toward that distant London, from which, perhaps, you were tramping or riding.

I think, as you passed, you would have looked twice at that small boy on the bridge, whether you were low-down tinker or high-born knight. For he was a bright, sweet-faced little ten-year-old in his quaint sixteenth-century costume, and the look of expectancy in his eyes might, as it fell upon your face, have shaped itself into the spoken question, 'Have you seen my father as you came along?'

Whereupon—had you been the lordly knight you might have said, 'And who might your father be, little one?' Or had you been the low-down tramping tinker you would probably have grunted out: 'Hoi, zurs! An' who be-est yure feythur, lad?'

To either of which questions that small boy on the bridge would have answered in some surprise—for he supposed that, surely, all men knew his father—'Why, Master William Shakespeare, the player in London.'

For that little river is the Avon; that small bridge of arches is Clopton's mill-bridge, that small boy is Hamnet, the only son of Master William Shakespeare, of Henley street, in Stratford-on-Avon. And in the year 1595 the name of William Shakespeare was already known in London as one of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors, and a writer of masterly poems and plays.

Perhaps if you were the tinker, you might be tired enough with your tramping to throw off your pack, and, sitting upon it, to talk with the little lad; or, if you were the knight, it might please your worship to breathe your horse upon the bridge and hold a moment's converse with the child.

Were you tinker or knight the time would not be mis-spent, for you would find young Hamnet Shakespeare most entertaining.

He would tell you of his twin sister Judith—something of a 'tomboy,' I fear, but a pretty and lovable little girl, nevertheless. And as Hamnet told you about Judith, you would remember—no. you would not, though, for neither tinker nor knight nor any other Englishman of 1595 knew what we do to-day of Shakespeare's plays; but if you should happen to have a dream of the little fellow now, you might remember that Shakespeare's twins must have been often in the great writer's mind; for they stole into his work repeatedly in such shapes as that charming brother and sister of his 'Twelfth Night'—Sebastian and Viola

> 'An apple cleft in two is not more twin
> Than these two creatures,'

or the twin brothers Antipholus of Ephesus and Syracuse, and those very, very funny twin brothers of the 'Comedy of Errors,' forever famous as the Two Dromios.

And if young Hamnet told you of his sister he would tell you, doubtless, of his grandfather who was once the bailiff or head man of Stratford town, and who lived with them in the little house in Henley street; and especially would he tell you of his own dear father, Master William Shakespeare, who wrote poems and plays and had even acted, at the last Christmas-time, before her Majesty the Queen in her palace at Greenwich. For you may be sure boy Hamnet was very proud of this—thinking more of it, no doubt, than of all the poems and plays his father had written.

Then, perhaps, you could lead the boy to tell you about himself. He might tell you how he liked his school—if he did like it; for perhaps, like his father's schoolboy, he did sometimes go

> 'with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwilling to school.'

He would, however, be more interested to tell you that he went to school in the chapel of the Holy Cross, because the old school-house next door, to which his father had gone as a boy, was being repaired that year, and he liked going to school in the chapel because it gave him more holidays.

Ah, he would tell you, he did enjoy those holidays. For the little house in Henley street was a bit crowded, and he liked to be out of doors, being, I suspect, rather a boy of the woods and the fields than of the Horn-Book, the Queen's Grammar, and Cato's Maxims. He and Judith had jolly times abroad, for Judith was a good comrade, and really had it easier than he did—so he would tell you—for Judith never went to school. In fact, to her dying day, Judith Shakespeare—think of that, you Shakespeare scholars!—a daughter of the greatest man in English literature, could neither read nor write!

So the Shakespeare twins would roam the fields, and knew, blindfold, all that bright country-side about beautiful Stratford. Their father was a great lover of nature. You know that from reading his plays, and his twins took after him in this. Young Hamnet Shakespeare loved to hang over Clopton Bridge, as we found him to-day, watching the rippling Avon as it wound through Stratford meadows and past the little town. He knew all the turns and twists of that storied river with which his great father's name is now so closely linked. He knew where to find and how to catch the perch and pike that swam beneath its surface. He and Judith had punted on it above and below Clopton Bridge, and on many a warm summer day he had stripped for a swim in its cooling water.

He knew Stratford from the Guild Pits to the Worcester road, and from the Salmon Tail to the Cross-on-the-Hill. He could tell you how big a jump it was across the streamlet in front of the Rother Market, and how much higher the roof of the Bell was than that of the Wool-Shop, next door—for he had climbed them both.

He knew where, in Stratford meadows, the violets grew thickest and bluest in the spring, where the tall cowslips fairly 'smothered' the fields, as the boys and girls of Stratford affirmed, and where, in the wood by the weir-brakes just below the town the fairies sometimes came from the Long Compton quarries to dance and sing on a midsummer night.

HAVE YOU SEEN MY FATHER AS YOU CAME ALONG?

He had time and time again wandered along the Avon from Luddington to Charlecote. He had been many a time to his mother's home cottage at Shottery, and to his grandfather's orchards at Snitterfield for leather-coats and wardens. He knew how to snare rabbits and 'conies' in Ilmington woods, and he had learned how to tell, by their horns, the age of the deer in Charlecote Park—descendants, perhaps, of that very deer because of which his father once got into trouble with testy old Sir Thomas Lucy, the lord of Charlecote Manor.

The birds were his pets and playfellows. And what quantities there were all about Stratford town! Hamnet knew their ways and their traditions. He could tell you why the lark was hanged for treason; how the swan celebrated its own death; how the wren came to be king of the birds; and how the cuckoo swallowed its stepfather. He could tell you where the nightingale and the lark sang their sweetest 'tirra-lirra' in the weir-brake below Stratford Church, and just how many thievish jackdaws made their nests in Stratford spire. He could show you the very fallow in which he had caught a baby lapwing scudding away with its shell on its head, and in just what field the crow-boys had rigged up the best kind

of a 'mammet' or scarecrow to frighten the hungry birds.

So, you see, little Hamnet Shakespeare could keep you interested with his talk until it was time—if you were the tramping tinker—to toss once more your heavy pack on your shoulders, or, if you were lordly knight, to cry 'get on' to your now rested horse. And by this time you would have discovered that here was a boy who, with eyes to see and ears to hear all the sight and sounds of that beautiful country about Stratford and along the Avon's banks, had learned to find, as his father, later on, described it:

'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

A clatter of hoofs rings upon the London highway. The boy springs to his feet; he scarcely waits to give you his hasty goodbye, but with a hop, skip, and jump, flies across the bridge and along the road. And, as he is lifted to the saddle by the well-built, handsome man with scarlet doublet, loose riding-cloak, white ruff, auburn hair and beard, who sits his horse so well, you know that father and son are riding home together, and that there will be joy in the little house in Henley street. For Master William Shakespeare, the London player, has come from town to spend a day at home in the Stratford village he loved so dearly.

Perhaps, two or three years later, you may be led again to tramp or ride through Stratford town. As you loiter awhile at the Bear Tavern, near the Clopton Bridge, you recognize the arches and the pleasant river that flows beneath them, and then you remember the little boy with whom you talked on the bridge.

To your inquiries the landlord of the Bear says, with a sigh and a shake of the head,

'A gentle lad, sir, and a sad loss to his father.'

'What—dead?' you ask.

'Yes, two years ago,' the landlord replies. 'Little Hamnet was never very strong, to be sure, but he sickened and died almost before we knew aught was wrong with him. A sad loss to his father, Master Shakespeare dearly loved the lad, and while he was gathering fame and wealth he thought most, I doubt not, of the boy to whom he was to pass them on.'

'So Master William Shakespeare has grown rich as well as famous, has he?' you say, for all England knows by that time of his wonderful plays.

'Indeed, yes,' the landlord answers you. 'See, across the trees, that big house yonder? It is New Place, bought in the spring of this very year of 1597, by Master Shakespeare, and put into fine repair. And there all his family live now—his old father, Master John, his wife Mistress Ann, and all the children. But little Hamnet is not there, and I doubt not Master Shakespeare would gladly give all New Place and his theatre in London, too, for that son of his back again, alive and well, and as happy of face as he used to be in the old house in Henley Street.'

The landlord of the Bear is right. Hamnet Shakespeare ended his short life on the 11th of August, 1596, being then but eleven years old.

We know but little of his famous father's life; we know even less of the son he so dearly loved. Nor can any one say, had the boy but lived, whether he would have inherited anything of his father's genius.

The play of 'Hamlet' may have been called in memory of the boy Hamnet, so nearly are the names alike; even more is it possible that the lovely boy, Prince Arthur, whose tragic story is a part of Shakespeare's play of 'King John,' may have been drawn in memory of the writer's dead boy. For 'King John' was written in the year of young Hamnet Shakespeare's death, and with the loss of the boy he so dearly loved weighing upon his soul, the great writer, whose name and fame the years only make yet more great, may thus have put into words a tender memory of the short-lived little Hamnet, the gentle son of Shakespeare.

The Visible Soul.

('Christian Herald.')

Mr. Samuel Greene, the leading lumber merchant in a large Western city, was known as one of the most prosperous men in his section of the State. He had acquired his wealth by hard trading and close bargaining. Few people could get ahead of him; and though it was his frequent remark that every dollar he owned was 'honestly made in trade' his customers and his tenants knew him only as a hard man, not unscrupulous, but disposed to exact the last dime. At home or in church (to which he went occasionally) his thoughts were too much occupied with schemes of money-making to afford any spare room for affection or religious feeling. His business acquaintances rather envied him, as one who had conquered the secret of success.

The lumber merchant sat in his little office at the close of an October day. It had been a day full of business and its aggravations. He was thinking of going home, when there suddenly came a rat-tat at the dooor.

'Come in!' called Mr. Greene, gruffly. 'Oh, it's you, Simmons. Well now, what's wanted?'

'Mr. Greene,' said the newcomer, a sturdily built, honest-looking man of middle age, 'I've come to see if you won't let me have another bill of lumber—some Michigan pine I need for that contract I have on the east side.'

'No, Simmons, you can't have another foot of lumber from my yard, that's flat,' said Mr. Greene, harshly. 'As soon as you pay up what you owe, you can get more; not till then.'

'But, Mr. Greene,' protested Simmons, 'this is a serious matter to me. Why, I've paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars, good money, for your lumber; and as soon as this job is through you will be the first to get your money. You don't surely mean to say you refuse?'

'That's just what I do mean,' snapped Greene. 'But I've no time to talk about it. You can take your choice; pay up your last bill, or go without.'

'It simply means ruin, that's what it does,' said the man, advancing into the room. 'Why, good heavens, Mr. Greene, you cannot mean what you say! It would be the meanest——'

'Get out!' thundered the lumber merchant, advancing toward him, his huge bulk now quivering with anger. 'Out of here, I say! You shall never get a foot of lumber from me as long as I live.'

Simmons retreated a step or two, then, still with hat in hand, he turned towards the excited man. 'Mr. Greene,' he said, in deep tones, 'may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I think you have the meanest soul that ever he permitted to enter into man, and if you could only see it——'

But his talk was suddenly cut short by a threatening movement of Mr. Greene, who pushed him out of the office and slammed the door violently.

'Confounded impudence, I call it!' said the lumber merchant on regaining his seat. 'Why, hang the fellow, I trusted him and trusted him. I'm fairly sick of his whining talk and poverty-stricken ways. To insult me by referring to my soul. What does he know about it, anyway?' and he rose and paced the floor of the little office. 'He said I had the meanest soul,' he mused. 'But whoever heard of anyone seeing a soul?' And then he sat down again, and rubbed his chin meditatively. He rested his head upon his hands. Somehow, those words burrowed and buzzed in his brain. The world of business seemed to slip away into shadow and silence.

* * *

'My soul—well, I wish I could see it. I am sure that fellow is wrong. Anyway, he knows nothing about it. I wish——'

'Here I am,' piped up a thin, little voice, somewhere on the floor behind him.

'What—what's that?' he asked quickly.

'Here I am,' repeated the thin voice.

'Who? Where?'

'Right here behind you.'

The lumber merchant turned in astonishment, and looked in the direction indicated. There, in a corner, and in the shadow of the leather-covered lounge, was a little, impish, dwarf-looking figure, like a shrivelled Filipino. The merchant shrank back in amazement.

'Who are you, anyway?' he gasped.

'I am your soul,' piped the black-looking little imp in the corner.

'My soul!' He shook himself together as if disbelieving his senses. 'Utter nonsense! Why, with a touch of this button I can summon a policeman——'

'Still, I'm your soul,' said the little black one. 'Your's and nobody else's.'

'How did you come into my office?' interrogated the merchant.

'I was permitted to come as you wished,' said the black thing, 'and I must stay until the time of my permission ends.'

'Confound it!' persisted Mr. Greene, 'you don't mean to say you are going to stick right here, in my office.

'Wherever you go, I go,' piped the voice. 'I am a part of you and you cannot be without me.'

'But,' stammered the merchant, with an inward shudder, 'how am I ever to get along with you sitting around?' He went over fearfully toward the door and slipped the spring lock. 'Why, this is ridiculous. Everybody who meets us will remark.'

'No eye but yours can see me,' was the reply from the corner.

'Well, that's one consolation,' said Greene, drawing a long breath. 'My soul! Mine! This is the first time anybody ever heard of such a thing.'

He touched a bell to summon his foreman.

'Haff,' he said, 'I'm going home. Everything all right?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the foreman.

'Well, then, get me a carriage will you?'

'Certainly, sir.'

It was with a strange trepidation that Mr. Greene buttoned up his coat and closed the door of his office that evening. He felt somehow as though he was bidding the old place good-by and might never come back. He noted with satisfaction that the coach-

lamps were unlit. Looking down he saw, moving lightly by his side, the dark. little impish figure. He opened the coach door and stepped aside to give the Soul the right of way. Then he entered.

'How shall I ever be able to meet Mary and the girls in this fix?' he said. 'It's awful! awful! Something must have happened in my brain,' and he turned again toward the little figure whose presence and appearance seemed to put the question of hallucination beyond all doubt.

On reaching his home, he stepped quickly to the door, opened it with his own private key and let himself into the hall unobserved. Up the stairs to his room he went noiselessly. Once safe within, he locked the door and sank down, exhausted, in a large, easy chair.

'He said I had the meanest soul the Lord ever permitted to be in a man—that's what he said. I remember every word distinctly,' and he looked around once more at the dwarfish creature who sat on a chair almost opposite. 'And you are the soul that came in obedience to some strange summons! Now,' said the merchant, 'I want to think about this. Let us ask, what is the cause of that dingy color—that elfish blackness?'

'I am what you have made me,' said the Soul. 'I was not always so dark.'

'The meanest soul,' repeated Greene, the words lingering in his brain like the refrain of a song. 'The meanest soul! Well, if I have blackened my soul, I pray God to help me, for no one else can.'

A tap at the door interrupted his thoughts. He turned sharply to the little figure.

'You are sure no one can see you?'

'None but you,' was the reply.

He opened the door.

'Sam! Sam!' said the gentle voice of his wife, 'what's the matter? We saw you go up, and we haven't heard from you since you came home.' She nervously grasped his hands in her own, which were trembling.

'Nothing, Mary,' said the lumber merchant hurriedly. 'Nothing's the matter, only I wish you would send me up a cup of tea—a cup of good strong tea. I want to take it here in my room. I have something on my mind; nothing to trouble you, Mary, but I must be here alone for a little while.'

With something between a gasp and a sob, the wife went down stairs. Presently she returned with the cup of tea.

'Thank you, Mary,' he said in a tone so kindly that his wife looked at him in surprise. 'Now, dear, you see I am all right. Won't you please get Tom to hitch up and drive round to Simmons, the carpenter, and tell him I want to see him immediately? In fact, tell him to bring Simmons with him.' He pulled out his watch, 'I must have him here within the next half hour.'

Five minutes later, he could hear the sound of the departing coach, showing that the coachman had sped upon his errand. Mr. Greene again touched the bell, and one of his daughters responded.

'Edith, I want to send down to the widow Grogan's. You know she is one of my tenants. Can't one of you girls go down and bring her up? It's only ten minutes' walk, and I must see her this eveining.'

'Why, papa,' said the daughter, 'and so late?'

'Oh,' said the merchant, 'it's only seven o'clock. You go, Edith, and I will make it up to you. You can take the street-car and be down there in a twinkling.' And to her astonishment, he kissed her. Such a thing had hardly happened since the girls were babies.

It was well within the half hour when Tom drove up before the door, and the carpenter, Simmons, mounted the steps. He was shown up to the merchant's room.

'Come in, Simmons, come in!' said Mr. Greene, with a show of animation.

'I came, Mr. Greene, but I haven't the slightest idea——'

'No matter, no matter. Sit down,' said the other. 'The fact is, Simmons, I behaved like a hog to you this afternoon, and I am deeply sorry for it. I want you to understand that, Simmons. You have been a good customer of mine, and I've never lost a cent by your trade, and to have spoken to you as I did was too mean for anything, and I want to apologize.'

'Oh, Mr. Greene,' protested the carpenter, 'don't say another word.'

'But I insist,' said Greene stoutly. 'If a man acts like a hog, he must apologize; he has no right to act so. You said that I had the meanest soul——'

'Mr. Greene,' cried the carpenter, nervously, 'I regretted it the moment I said it. I declare I did. It was a cruel thing.'

'It was true,' said Greene, 'every word. I know it. I have the meanest soul, and you told the truth. Sit down.'

The visitor sat down in amazement.

'Now, here is an order,' continued Greene, writing at a desk that stood in the corner of the room. 'Haff will give you whatever lumber you want. Hereafter you can have that privilege. You are an honest man.'

'You don't mean it! You don't mean it, Mr. Greene,' cried the carpenter, starting up. 'Why, it's like picking me out of the gutter. I was ruined, if I didn't get that money. You've saved me. You've saved my business.'

'Not another word,' said Mr. Greene. 'Here, Simmons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me.'

Still muttering his thanks, and greatly astonished at the turn affairs had taken, the carpenter withdrew.

The lumber merchant stood for a minute with a strange smile on his face. As he heard the footsteps die away, his eye fell upon the little figure in its nook, and it seemed to him—although it might only have been imagination—that it had grown a shade whiter.

A little later the widow Grogan was brought in by Edith. The widow, who was accompanied by her little daughter of seven, showed a tear-stained face. She had evidently been anticipating some new misfortune as the result of this summons from her landlord.

'Now,' said Edith, reassuringly, 'you just step right in, and papa will see you.'

'Ah, Mrs. Grogan,' said the merchant, 'I am glad you've come.'

'Oh, Mr. Greene,' began the widow in piteous tones, 'if it's the rint, I told the agent that I would thry to have it for him next month. I've done the best I could; but it's the hard times we've had.'

'Has that rascally agent of mine been bothering you, Mrs. Grogan?'

'Indade, the man only wanted your rint, sor, an' I told him——'

'Never mind what you told him, Mrs. Grogan. So this is Molly, is it? Little Molly. How old is she?'

'Siven, sor. Speak to the jintleman, Molly, dear.'

'Now, Molly,' and he produced a silver coin from his vest pocket, 'I am going to give this to your mother, and she is going to buy you the biggest red apple you ever saw. Mind you do it, Mrs. Grogan. Now about that rent. How long have you been living in that house of mine?'

'Eleven years, sor.'

'Why, it seems to me that you have been a pretty steady tenant.'

'I got this notice day before yisterday, sor,' and she handed him a notice of dispossession.

The lumber merchant scowled. 'And this,' he muttered, 'is done in my name. All the hardships that are inflicted upon these poor souls, who have paid rent for eleven years, I have to stand sponsor for.'

'Now, Mrs. Grogan,' he said, 'turning to the widow, who was wiping her eyes with a corner of her dress, 'I am going to give you a note to the agent, which will fix you all right, so far as the next quarter's rent is concerned, and I'll see you before then. You've had pretty hard lines since Patrick died?'

'Indade, very hard, sor. Many's the meal-hour there's neither bite nor sup in the house.'

'Too bad! Too bad! But we must try to help you in some way. I will get my wife to come down and see you, Mrs. Grogan, and see if we cannot make it easier for you and little Molly. Eh, Molly!'

The child smiled in his face, but still clung to her mother's sleeve. He fumbled in his vest pocket—it was a strange thing that he was prompted to do, but he did it. Generosity had never been a weakness of the money-maker, but this, he felt, was a special case. It was his doing, all this misery and suffering. He handed a ten-dollar bill to the widow.

'Now, here is something to keep the pot boiling, anyway, and don't you fear but we will call,' he said, cordially. 'That is all I wanted to see you about, Mrs. Grogan. Good night, little Molly.'

Then the pent-up emotion broke out beyond all control. The poor widow was overwhelmed with such kindness, and she fairly broke down.

'May the Lord bless ye, sor! Oh, may he bless you and yours forever! Indade, it's a good man you are, the day, to me an' Molly, an' we'll pray for you ivery day of our lives—that we will. It's a kind heart you have, indade it is.'

'Hush! Don't say such things,' said the lumber dealer, huskily, and his own voice trembled. 'You can find your way down, and they will see you on the car.'

'Oh, indade, we'll walk,' she said, smiling, while the tears still dropped. 'I feel like flyin'.'

He heard their steps going down the stairs, the patter of the child keeping accompaniment to the heavier footfall of the mother. Both were smiling with joy and happiness.

With his own eyes strangely moist with the suspicion of tears, he turned from the window and looked toward the shadowed corner of the room. The soul seemed to smile at him with a gentle expression, which he had not observed before.

The hours that followed were eventful ones for the lumber merchant. Long he sat, and at intervals he conversed with his strange companion. The complete record of his career unrolled itself before him. He saw in a new and unfamiliar light many of the events which he had recorded as triumphs; he recalled a thousand instances where he had been harsh, where he had repressed noble impulses, and sacrificed love and affection in order that he might be unhampered in his struggle for wealth; where he had driven hard bargains and been guilty of what now seemed monstrous

injustice, though the world called it shrewd trading. And then, with this reflection, he looked again at his dark and diminutive visitor.

'You forgot that these men were your brothers,' said the voice from the corner, answering his unspoken thoughts. 'You showed them no mercy; you made no allowances; you took the full measure of your "rights" as you understood them and gave no quarter. Their broken fortunes and blighted hopes you made the stepping-stones to your own success. You have trodden all the way upon hearts, even the hearts of your dear ones. You have given me—your Soul—no opportunity for growth, but have made me, as you see, a thing to be loathed and despised.' And it bowed itself in its corner with a gesture of sorrow.

With a zeal that was almost feverish, he set about, as far as man could do, to rectify the wrongs, the injustices, the injuries and the sharp trading of years. It took time and no little grace and moral courage to make amends, and to do such other things as he could, but he persevered. And, strangest of all, he found presently a keen and satisfying pleasure in his new line of action. In business and social affairs, abroad and at home, he grew gracious and liberal. Mary and the girls at home found him companionable and affectionate. His men at the yard became familiar with his smile and kind words.

He did not forget his promise to the widow Grogan, and both she and little Molly profited by the change in affairs, as also did many others.

Before many months had passed, the business community, at first incredulous, had wholly revised its former estimate of the lumber merchant. He was no longer 'the meanest man,' and the hardest at a bargain. In losing the reputation for such qualities he had, all unconsciously, gained one for qualities much more desirable. He loved to help those who found themselves in 'tight places.' To the poor of his neighborhood he was a constant benefactor.

The year neared the close. The soul had grown to be a dear comrade, fair and well-proportioned, such as the merchant would have loved the whole world to see. And when the moment of parting came, he gazed upon the being who stood beside him and marvelled; for, as it smiled upon him, he knew that it was noble and beautiful, dazzling in brightness and in stature like the angels.

* * *

The lumber merchant awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and then sat thoughtfully for a little space. He had slept altogether less than twenty minutes, but he had lived a year and learned the lesson of a lifetime. A shade of regret passed over his face as he looked into the corner where had appeared the visitor of his dream and found it empty. Then he put on his overcoat, locked the door and went home.

And the dream came true.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Little Bill's Black Monday.

(By Charles Frederic Goss, D.D., in 'S. S. Times.')

Everything had gone wrong in Room A. The fire would not burn, the pupils would not behave, and at last, when the arithmetic class came forward, the teacher lost her patience.

'There is not a little boy in the B grade who cannot do that sum,' she sputtered, as big Tom Tinker rubbed out his chalk-marks and took his seat in despair.

'Ugh!' was all he said, but the teacher heard it, and immediately sent the following note down to the room below her.

Dear Miss Lamberson:

Will you please send up one of your little boys? I want to ask him a question, and shame some of these big hulking fellows. Yours, as ever, EMMA.

In another minute a light footfall was heard upon the stair, the door opened, and, blushing like a big peony, 'little Bill' entered. Approaching the desk, he put his right hand behind his back, clutched his left arm at the elbow with it, looked down on the floor, swayed back and forth, and waited in painful uncertainty.

'Little Bill,' said the teacher, 'Tim Tinker and half the class have failed on this simple example, and I have told them that there was not a boy in the B grade who could not do it. I want you to go to the board and show them how.'

Poor little Bill! He was the most sensitive, modest, magnanimous little chap that ever held a piece of chalk, and the very idea of possibly doing something that would shame any one else almost broke his heart. He was badly enough flustered by this, but when he stood at the board, and felt that every eye in that room was glued upon him, he simply lost his senses.

As the teacher stated the problem, he succeeded in putting the figures down upon the board, but when he commenced to add and multiply, his brain fairly reeled. The very first thing he did was to add seven and six and make fifteen out of them. Of course, that was enough for the big boys, and especially for Tom Tinker. A shout of derision went up from every pair of lips in the room, and poor little Bill trembled like an aspen leaf.

This was the last straw that broke the back of the much enduring teacher. She blushed as red as little Bill himself, and said bitterly:

'That will do. You may go down and tell your teacher that you don't know any more than the rest of them!'

There may have been one or two people in the whole history of the world more completely crushed than little Bill, but there certainly have not been many. How he ever got out of the room he did not know. When he entered the door below, he tried as hard as ever a hero did to tell the teacher what he had been told, but his lips were dry, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

'Did you do it?' she asked, as he half fell into his seat.

'No, ma'am,' he answered in a scared whisper, and then tried to fix his mind upon his geography lesson.

It was of no use. Everything was whirling around like a 'pin-wheel.' When he reached home at noon, his mother happened to be out, and so he had no one to confide in. He was brave and plucky, and made up his mind that he would not cry; but his suffering was so deep that it made him physically sick, and his mother found him sitting white as a sheet, and trembling as if he were in a chill.

It did not take him long to tell the whole story, and he found comfort in her sympathy; but, for all that, he could not eat a mouthful. She tried to keep him at home, but he was made of too stern stuff to yield to her kind entreaties. Back he must go, and back he did go. Her mother heart misgave her at last, and she followed him. There he sat, white, struggling, triumphant, but broken-hearted.

'Why, how do you do? I am so glad to see you. I am worried about little Bill, and was just about to send him home. What can be the matter with him?' the teacher said.

'Don't you know?' the mother asked.

'No, I cannot imagine. He is generally so well.'

And then she told the teacher the story in a whisper, and took the little fellow home.

He spent a good part of the rest of the afternoon in her lap, sobbing softly, and feeling that he had disgraced the teacher and his mamma and papa and the whole world. Nothing could comfort him, not even his big courageous father, who slapped him on the back, and called him his brave little Bill, and offered to 'stake him against the whole schoolhouse.' He smiled as well as he could, but it was like the last smile of a Chinese lantern when the candle flickers out.

His sleep was restless too, and they heard him tossing half the night, sobbing now and then and moaning, and his great big father would go in and kiss him and hush him off to rest, and then go back and have a little cry of his own over the tenderest heart that ever beat under a little cutaway coat.

But it is always darkest before dawn. The tide turned the next day. At noon little Bill came tearing home all out of breath, his cheeks flaming, his eyes bright as stars, and rushed pell-mell into the room, with "Towser' at his heels, barking and yelping like a mad dog.

'What on earth is the matter?' his mother cried, dropping her sewing.

When he caught his breath at last, he told her, all in a heap, how, when the school opened that morning, 'Miss Elton came into the room from the A grade, asked the scholars to listen to her a moment, and then apologized for her thoughtlessness to me! To me, mamma! What do you think of that? She said I was not to blame at all, that I was frightened, and that she ought to have had more sense than to have expected that a little boy like me could stand up there and do a sum on the board with every one looking at him! She said she was sorry, and that she was going to be more thoughtful next time. And then they all cheered her, and some of the fellows cried out, "Hurrah for our little Bill!" And, mamma, they hurrahed for me! Oh! won't papa be pleased? And now, mamma, what can I give her? I've got to give her something. Tell me, quick!'

'You can give her anything you want to, little man; nothing is too good for her. There are those carnations on the table. Do you think they will do?'

'Oh, no. They are a day old. I must give

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Phoebe and Her Father.

('National Advocate.')

Phoebe Gray was a dear little girl only five years old. Her tender loving ways had many times kept her father from saloons and bad company. It seemed to him sometimes when her arm was about his neck, as if an angel were guarding him. He never spoke crossly to Phoebe even in his worst fits of drunkenness, and if he got into a rage as he sometimes did when his poor heart-broken wife tried to talk with him about his bad habits, his anger died out when his dear child, lifting her tearful eyes and frightened face, would say, 'O father, don't, please, talk so to mother.' When she was but a few months old he would often stay home evenings just for the pleasure of holding her in his arms, carrying her about or rocking her to sleep in the cradle. It was wonderful to see what power this tender little thing had over a strong man who had become a slave of a maddening vice. As Phoebe grew her influence over her father increased. She had so many winning ways.

She was so sweet and gentle and loving that her presence always softened him and made him wish that he was a better man; it was in the gentle sweetness of her character and her forgetfulness of self and love for her father that her power lay. She was always winning, never repulsing him, and if her face grew sorrowful sometimes, and her sweet blue eyes filled with tears at the sight of her father as he came staggering home the change did not make him angry; it half sobered him with the pain he felt at the grief of his little one. But his long indulgence in drinking had made his fiery thirst so strong that after a while even Phoebe's influence failed to keep him away from the saloon, and very sad and lonely were many of her evenings while he was away. One night a storm came up; the wind blew and the rain fell heavily. A neighboring clock struck nine, and as the sound died away the wind came down with a noise, rushing along the street, rattling the shutters and driving the rain upon the windows. 'Oh, dear,' said Phoebe, starting up from the floor where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet, 'I wish father was home,' and then she sat and listened to the dreary wind and rain. 'He'll get so wet, and the wind will blow him about.' The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing. 'Oh, dear, mother,' she cried, starting up and going toward the window, 'He'll get drowned, he will. I must go for him.' 'You go for him!' Mrs. Gray might well look astonished. 'Somebody must go for him, he'll be drowned,' said Phoebe, in distress.

'Oh, no, dear, there's no danger of that,' answered Mrs. Gray, trying to pacify her child. 'Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard.' 'Are you sure of it, mother,' asked Phoebe. 'Yes, very sure.' But Phoebe's heart was not at rest. 'I'll just look out and see if he is coming,' she said, after a little while, and then she went to the door, as she had so often done before, night after night, to watch for her father's return. 'I'll look out just for a little minute,' answered Phoebe, lifting the latch. As she did so a gust of wind and rain swept into her face and almost blinded her. 'Oh, how it rains,' she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close for a moment or two. The thought of her father out in such a storm made her open it again, and this time she bravely faced the wind and rain and looked along the pavement as far as the next corner, where a street lamp threw down its circle of light. 'Oh, there he is,' she cried, and then shutting the door behind her, ran toward the gaslamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen, and her heart sank in painful disappointment. Down upon her bare head and thin clothes the heavy rain fell, and the wind blew against her so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

If Phoebe had thought only of herself she would have run back home. But love for her father made her forget self. She stood close to the lamp post on the corner and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen; far down one of the streets a red light shone from a saloon window.

'Maybe he's there,' she said to herself, and off she ran toward the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath, but she kept on, and at last reaching the saloon door, pushed it open and went in. A sight to startle the crowd of noisy, half intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, only five years old, drenched with the rain that was pouring in streams from her garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness nor fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men. 'Oh, father,' leaped from her lips as one of the company started forward, and catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom and ran with her out into the street.

If Mr. Gray's mind was confused and his body weak from drink when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant, and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

'My poor baby,' he sobbed, as a few moments afterwards he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears. 'My poor baby, it's the last time.' And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had thus wrought. Oh, love is very strong. Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the barroom went out, one after another and sought their homes.

Said one of them as he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing when she should have been at rest; sewing because she must earn to make up for what he spent for drink. 'Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again.' 'What was it?' asked the tired woman. 'A little thing not as old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is—looking for her father in a saloon. It made the tears come into my eyes when her poor drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her held tightly to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly; and one thing is settled; our Jennie shall never search for her father in a saloon any night, fair or foul. I'll stop now while I have a little strength left.'

And he kept his word. Another of the men present when little Phoebe appeared was so affected by the scene that he, too, stepped out of the dangerous path which his feet were treading, and by God's grace which he prayed for walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.

Pity and Pray.

No house, no home,
  Scarce a boot or shoe;
What will these poor
  Little children do?

Nothing to eat,
  And but rags to wear;
No mother's love,
  And no father's care.

The pouring rain,
  And the pelting sleet,
Upon these poor
  Little children beat.

With shaking limbs
  They patter along,
With never a word,
  Nor a gladsome song.

Wearied they rest
  In the snow so cold;
Or 'neath a hedge
  When the winds are bold.

No home have they
  But the roofless street;
No fire to warm
  Their shivering feet.

My children dear
  With nice books and toys,
Your happy homes,
  And your many joys,
Pity and pray
  For these girls and boys.

—By Pauline, in 'Buds of Promise.'

How Lady Hope Signed the Pledge.

Speaking at a recent meeting, Lady Hope said: 'I was made a total abstainer by a doctor, but he did it in rather an extraordinary fashion, by advising me the reverse of total abstinence. To relieve my headaches from overwork, he recommended me sherry at luncheon and brandy in the evening at dinner. Hearing from my mother that I was taking only a teaspoonful, he got very angry, and said to me, "You ought to take it and pour it out freely and drink it down." When he said "Pour it out freely," there rose before my eyes a vista of the future, if every time I was fagged I was to "pour it out freely." I also recollected that all round my district the poor women used to tell me "the doctor ordered it," and so I just looked him straight in the face and said, "From this hour, God helping me, I will never touch it again." He was very angry, and said, "Is it possible that you mean to defy my prescription?" Then I went out of the room, and later on my mother said to me, "How could you speak so unkindly to our faithful friend, the doctor?" "Because," I said, "he gave me such an alarm." I will tell you now how I got my reward. That night I went down to my coffee-room. The first person I saw was a man who had been missing for a week. "Where have you been?" I said. "You need not ask me," he replied. "One or two people asked me to come here, but a hundred asked me to go opposite." I said, "My friend, do give it up." "What!" he said, "you ask me to give up my beer, and you take your wine every day?" "I do not take wine," I replied. "Are you a total abstainer, then?" he said. "Yes," I replied. He then called to a friend, and said, "Bill, she has become a total abstainer. Why, the

young lady don't take her wine now. She says she's become a teetotaller." He said, "If you please, miss, how long have you been one?" "Just an hour and a-half," I replied. They gave me a most tremendous cheer, and a carpenter pulled out a large pocket-book, and said, "Who will back up the young lady?" And he got twenty-five names of new total abstainers; and in, I think, about a year and a-half I was summoned to receive a clock from the men who had become abstainers from the influence of the coffee-room, and there were five hundred names on the list of those who presented me with my clock. I must say I never regretted my decision.'—'Christian Herald.'

Easter Puzzle Answer.

'Remove far from me vanity . . feed me with food convenient for me.'—Prov. xxx., 8.

'As the cold of snow in the time of harvest so is'—Prov. xxv., 13.

'Lay up . . . treasures in heaven.'—Matt. vi., 20.

'Unto Adam . . . did the Lord God make coats of skins.'—Gen. iii., 21.

'And the servant told Isaac all things that he had done.'—Gen xxiv., 66.

'It is better to die than to live.'—Jonah iv., 8.

'In an even balance.'—Job xxxi.,6.

'So run that ye may obtain.'—I. Cor. ix., 24.

'Peter . . . departed, wondering in himself at that, etc.'—Luke xxiv., 12.

'Thou art the Christ,' etc.—Matt. xvi., 16.

'Whosoever, therefore, shall break,' etc.—Matt. v., 19.

'He told me all,' etc.—John iv., 39.

'How can these things be?'—John iii., 9.

'Ended his work which he had made.'—Gen. ii., 2.

'They . . . went down alive into the pit,' etc.—Num. x., 33.

Ans.—'For as in Adam all men die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'—I. Cor. xv., 22.

I Create Evil.

A lady writes that this statement in Isaiah xiv. 7 troubles her. The verse reads: 'I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things.' Is not this equivalent to saying that God is the author of sin? I answer, Isaiah is writing here about Cyrus. (See verse 1.). Cyrus was a Persian. The Persians, taught by Zoroaster, believed in two gods, the one good and the other evil. These two gods they thought were in perpetual conflict, and hence there was an alternation of light and darkness in nature, and in prosperity and adversity in the lives of men. But the Jewish prophet proclaimed and emphasized the fact that there is only one God who made and controls all things. He is the God of the day and of the night; the God of health and of sickness; the God who sends sunshine and showers; the God who causes drought and barrenness. The reference here is not to moral evil or sin, but to suffering, or that which causes it. The sons of Jacob said in regard to Joseph: 'An evil beast hath devoured him.' Job said: 'Shall a man receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not receive evil also?' God said to the Hebrews again and again, by his Prophets 'I will send evil upon you.' We speak in the same way. Evil often means trouble, misfortune, suffering, without reference to the moral character of the sufferer.

Evil is contrasted with peace, as light is with darkness. Now, the Hebrew word translated 'peace,' as every scholar knows, means, primarily, health, soundness, prosperity. This contrast shows that Isaiah is not writing about sin, but about the result of sin. Men sin against God, and then he withholds from them his favor—the blessings of peace—and sends evil upon them.

Thus it is evident that Isaiah is not here solving the problem of the origin of sin. He is only telling us that God, in both nature and providence, reigns supreme, and reigns alone.—C. E. B., in 'Herald and Presbyter.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Northern Messenger' before. I will be nine years old on the 25th of March. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the youngest of the girls. I would like Harriet Maud R. to correspond with me. She lives in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. I go to school and I am in grade five. I study geography, health-reader and reader. My address is: Eva M. Ross, South Victoria, Cumberland Co., N.S.

Fredericton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I do not take the 'Northern Messenger,' but my aunt does, and I read it and like it well. I have one sister. I go to school; I am in the third reader. My teacher is Miss Newsome, I like her very much. I have a dog called Carlo and two cats. My birthday is the twenty-fifth of January. I wonder if any one else has the same birthday. CYRUS McK (aged 10).

South Paris, Maine.

Dear Editor,—This good paper, the 'Messenger,' is given to the teachers and scholars in the Sunday school on Paris Hill each Sunday, so I have a chance to have a copy each week. I will send names of children that would be glad of the 'Messenger to read, as you give the liberal offer. I consider it one of the very best of papers for children, and in fact, for old ones as well. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain, yours respectfully

MRS. CHARLES EDWARDS.

Pembroke.

Dear Editor,—Perhaps you will think it strange for me to write again so soon, but I think I will have to answer some of the letters that I have received from the 'Messenger' readers (who were so kind to write to me) in this way. I have received thirty-eight letters, and as I could not answer so many separately, I will at least try to acknowledge them in this way. It was great fun reading them. Some days I would get seven or eight. I thank the girls ever so much for writing to me. Some of the girls in Ontario and Quebec did not know much about Nova Scotia, so I will tell them something about it.

The population of Nova Scotia is 459,574, and of Yarmouth 6,430, and of Pembroke between two and three hundred. I live about a mile and a half from the sea-shore. The school-house is just a little way from it, and at noons in the summer we go down there and wade and play on the sands. Last summer I went bathing twice. I love to go bathing. We have a number of hedges of spruce and hawthorn here, and two large sycamores in front of our house. There is a river down just a few steps from our house, and last summer I learned to row. In the winter the Marsh is almost always over-flooded, and it makes it lovely to skate on. There are lots of woods around here. Every new flower or bird we see we tell our teacher, and she puts it on the Observations list. I love to find them and hunt for them too. We have a flower garden over in the school yard almost every summer. We almost always make them Arbor day. There are some tiger lilies coming up now that we planted last year. I am in the seventh grade, but we are going to have an examination pretty soon. I study geography, history, health reader, royal reader and 'superseded.' I like geography and health reader the best. LETTIE ALLEN.

Swan River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this part of Manitoba yet, so I thought I would write. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school. I have four brothers; the eldest is learning printing. I wonder if any little girl or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, it is on the nineteenth of May. I go to school, and I am in the third book. My father is a farmer.

ANNIE C. S. (aged 10).

Woodstock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I am in the first primer. I go to Sunday school on Sunday. Every other Sunday there is preaching service. I have two brothers and one sister. I have one doll.

JENNIE M. C. (aged 6).

Woodstock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village. I used to live on a farm. I go to school; it is just across the road. I am in the fourth reader; this is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday school. We have a colt two years old, and it weighs about 1,400 pounds. J. GORDON C. (aged 11).

Mannheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write for the first time. My sister gets the 'Messenger.' I have four brothers and two sisters. I am going to school. My teacher's name is Henry Koch. I have a dog; his name is Towsy. I have two cats. I am ten years old; my birthday is on March 28.

WESLEY H

Windsor Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' nearly a year. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hodgson. I have two cats; their names are Topsy and Minnie. I have a sister and no brothers. I live in a village.

GEORGE E. R. (aged 10.)

Estevan.

Dear Editor,—At our Sunday-school we take the 'Northern Messenger. I read the stories in it, and often I read the letters. I have seven sisters and three brothers. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Mr. Freeman. I am in the third book, and am nine years old. We do not have many at our school; there are mostly about thirty. We do not live in the country. I will be ten years old on Feb. 18.

LILLIAN O. P.

Midland.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday school, and I like to read the nice letters the other children have written for it. I go to the big new school and my teacher's name is Miss Batt. I have a little sister and brother smaller than myself, and they had la grippe. They are getting better now. I am ten years old.

MARION McC.

Foote's Bay P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday school every Sunday. I have a sister and two brothers. We have a cow and a horse. I go to school. I am in the fourth reader. I have about two miles to go to school. There are a lot of wild animals up here. We have plenty of snow now, and I get lots of sleigh rides. I live on a farm, and we grow vegetables and many other things.

FLORENCE E. S.

Treherne, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. My father is a farmer and we live seven miles from town and about a mile and three-quarters from school. There is a spring creek running through our farm. We have eight horses and ten head of cattle. There is a lot of oak on our farm. I have got one brother, and one sister. My sister goes to school, and so do I, and I am in the third book.

D. A. McL.

Brooklyn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday school, and, as I haven't seen any letters from Brooklyn, I thought I would write one. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. We have a nice teacher; her name is Miss Dexter. I will be eleven years old on Jan. 27. I have no pets, but a dear little baby brother, who is a great pet. I have three brothers and one sister.

We like your paper very much. I like to read the Correspondence best. Brooklyn is a very pretty little place. We have the White Ribbon Army in our Sunday school.

EVA C. G.

Foote's Bay P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have got six brothers and four sisters. We have a horse and a colt. Our horse's name is Queen, and our colt's name is Fan. I go to school and I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Miss Winfield, and she is a nice lady. I have to go a mile to school every morning. I was eight years old last April I. There are lots of snakes up here. There are lots of raspberries and blackberries here, too. We have a boat-house down by the lake, and we go bathing every hot day in the summer. There is a nice big hill up by the school house, and at noon we go down to it and sleigh-ride. I live on a farm, and have lots of apples.

PEARL McL.

Oshawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and like to read the Correspondence page. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Sept. 12. I have four dolls and a cat. The cat's name is Nigger. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Gurley. I am in the third department.

MINNIE C. S.

Upper Queensbury, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long while, and like it very much. I like the Correspondence best. I go to school and am in the second primer. My teacher's name is Miss Strange. I go to Sunday school. I have four brothers and four sisters, my two youngest brothers are twins. We have one dog and two cats. I have a little hen of my own, which my aunt gave me. I was seven years old my last birthday, August 29. WINNIE.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to the Friends' Sunday school, and I get the 'Northern Messenger' there. Our Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Dorland. We have two cats, one named Queenie and the other Tony. There is a mill-pond back of our house, and in the winter we have fun playing and sliding on the pond. I go to school. I am in the third reader. I like our teacher very well. Her name is Miss Huff. I am eleven years old. J. M.

Harrigan Cove.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years and I would not like to do without it. I have two pet sheep. I call them Daisy and Rosie; they will come when I call them. I go to school and am in the fifth book. Our teacher's name is Miss Croock, and we all like her very much. I have six sisters and two brothers. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Aug. 23.

MIRAL W. (aged 12).

Millstream, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think this is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' We have taken it in our home over twenty years, and don't think we could do without it.

I go to school and have two miles to go. We live in the centre of Millstream. I have five sisters, and Arlie, my only brother, is bookkeeper for the Redding Shoe Company, at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GERTIE M. F. (aged 12).

Foote's Bay P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and five brothers. I go to Sunday school and I like it. I have a horse, a colt, four cows and five calves. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Eva Winfield. I am in the second reader. There are lots of wild animals up here, such as deer and bears. I am ten years old. ROY McL.

The Manse, Loch Lomond, Cape Breton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for a number of years and could not get along without it. It comes along with the 'Daily Witness,' which my father gets. Two years ago I got a large Bible from you, and I am very proud of it. I would like to get the small Bagster Bible you are giving this year. It would be nice for Sabbath school use. I saw in the 'Messenger that you would send it for four names at 30c. I got five names at 25c, so I thought that would do as well as four at 30c. Hoping you will send me the Bible. Enclosed find list of names and $1.25 in cash.

JANE C. MACLEOD (aged 11).

(We hope Jane liked the Bible that was forwarded.—Ed.)

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years, and I like reading it very much, especially the correspondence. I am thirteen years of age, and have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school every day, and I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Gilker. I like her very much. I go to Sabbath school every Sunday, and my teacher's name is Miss Willett. I live near the sea-shore. LUCY McL.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the correspondence. I go to school and read in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mrs. Morin. My birthday is on Dec. 15. I have for pets a cat named Tiger, and a dog named Jack; we are teaching him to draw us on a sled.

JOB A.

Coldwater.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to you. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and like to read the letters. My birthday is on Jan. 22. I have a brother and one sister. I have a cat called Jim and a dog called Ponto. We have four horses and we have nine head of cattle. My father is a farmer. I am going to school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Strong, and we all like her very much. My school teacher's name is Miss M. Hunt. I have a little niece and her name is Gertrude May. LILA M. S.

Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I read a letter from a little girl whose birthday was the same as mine, August 2. My papa's is the same day. I have three brothers and two sisters. Our baby's name is John McKillican. My sisters' names are Etta and May. For pets we have two cats and a dog. My brothers have five calves. We all love the 'Messenger.' We have two miles to go to school. I am in the third grade. MILDRED S.

Cross Roads, Leitches' Creek, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I like it very much. I live on a farm; we have two cows and one horse. Papa drives seven miles to work. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school; I have half a mile to walk. I go to Sunday school; I have a mile to walk.

DELLA P.

Gascon, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I have two sisters and five brothers. My eldest sister plays in church. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss LeGallais. I am taking music lessons from my eldest sister; she is only thirteen. We have Sunday school every Sunday when it is fine, and I attend it regularly. We have two horses called Maude and Bess, and a large dog called Sport. I spent my holidays at Shigawake this year and enjoyed them very much.

EDITH A.

Foote's Bay P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday school. I like reading the stories very much. I have five brothers and five sisters. We have four cows, five calves, about forty hens and a pig. It is very nice here in the summer. People come up here from the cities on Lake Joseph, and we supply them with milk and vegetables. It is a very good place to go in bathing. My oldest sister is in Toronto for the winter. There are lots of wild animals in this bush. It is not very well settled. There are foxes, mink, deer, bears, beavers, rabbits, squirrels, wolves and many other animals. My brothers work in the camp in the winter and spring. I am not big enough to go to the camp yet.

GORDON McM.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old, and as I do not go to school I cannot write a very good letter. My father's mission station is out in the country, but we live in Prince Albert. The Saskatchewan river flows at the end of our chip yard. I have one sister at home going to school, and two brothers away teaching school. I have only seen one letter from here in the 'Messenger.' LILLIE B.

Carbonear, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' very long, but I always read the stories in it. My mother also takes the 'Weekly Witness,' and there are some nice stories in it for boys. As to pets, I have a nice large dog called 'Bob,' he is black and white. We have also a horse; she is quite a pet with us, her name is 'Dolly,' and she will eat out of my hand. I am the only boy in our family. I have seven sisters, and my father is dead. I go to day school and also to Sunday school. In the winter when I come from school I go skating on a pond, which is about a quarter of a mile from our house.

WILLIE G.

Whitevale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like to read the letters very much. I think the paper is a very good paper. I had good fun sleigh-riding during the holidays. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss Norris, and I like her very well. My papa has a fruit garden. We have fine fun picking the fruit in the fruit season. I am ten years old. LILLIAN P.

Rosel street, Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I am a young girl and live in Point St. Charles, and I and two other friends with me, took the 'Northern Messenger,' and have distributed them in the Montreal General Hospital, and going through the wards we met a lady, and she said, 'O here is my own paper that I used to take at home'; they were all so pleased to get them, and we also distributed 'Pleasant Hours.' PEARL P.

Avonmouth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking I would write to you. I began to take the 'Messenger' this year. I have two brothers, they are young men now and so are away from home. They took the 'Messenger' for years and liked it very much. I have two pets, a cat and a dear little dog. I call the dog Gip and the cat Muff. When she was a little kitten she caught five mice in one evening. My dog will be a year old next summer. When he was five weeks old I had a little kitty the same age. When the puppy was taken away from his mother he cried so that the old cat took pity on him and took him to the place where she had her kitten and took care of him the same as she did of the kitten. He is now so cute, if I tell him to be a dead dog he will lie down on the floor and stay quiet, till I tell him to come to life. I go to school and am in part second book.

JEAN B. B. (aged 7).

Bass River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years and like it very much. I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Lulu; she is eleven years old and is in the sixth grade. My brother, Lloyd, is six years old, and is in the second grade. Bass River is not a very large place but it is a very nice place. It has a factory, where they manufacture chairs and other furniture, and send them to the Maritime Provinces, the West Indies, Newfoundland and Ireland. I live quite near Cobequid Bay. In the summer holidays we go to the beach, and have great fun bathing. I go to Sunday school and day school. I am twelve years old, and am in the ninth grade. Is there any little girl's birthday the same as mine—April 16?

ANNIE E. S.

HOUSEHOLD.

How Jack Helped.

(By Helena H. Thomas, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Blustering winds reminded them that balmy days would soon follow, and then 'house-cleaning!' At the mention of which there was a chorus of 'Oh, dears!' in which all joined except a bride, in whose home everything was 'spick and span.'

'The older I grow, the more I dread this "reign of terror," as it is called in our family,' said the one who prides herself on being a model housekeeper, 'but it is inevitable; so I try to make the best of it.'

'Judging by your long drawn sigh there is no "best" about it,' said the care-free bride. 'Anyhow, I have come to the conclusion that there is no necessity for such annual upheavels, and I mean to prove it, too.'

'Yes, but you will doubtless end in doing like the rest of us,' said the youngest of the experienced housekeepers. 'I took the stand you do when I first arrived at the dignity of home-keeper, and Jack thought he had wedded the wisest woman in all the world, when he heard me talk of the "folly of house-cleaning." Well, I carried out my idea two years—and then—.'

'And then, what happened?' queried the bride, eagerly. 'Now don't dash my hopes of escaping such martyrdom, by admitting that experience taught you that it is "inevitable."'

'It is better for you to realize it at the start, however, than to suffer through ignorance, or rather wilfulness, as we did; for we both have careful mothers who warned us against such easy-going ways; but Jack and I were determined to have a model home without anything as nerve-trying as observation had taught us that house-cleaning must be. So the second summer of housekeeping we turned the key on our uncleaned home, early in the season, and did not open it again until so late that Jack at once went in search of flannels; and then he made the discovery that his fine, imported underwear was ruined, because of the ravages of moths. Then followed a hasty examination of our belongings which brought to view such a revelation as to make us heart sick, for neither of us, had the satisfaction even, of saying, "I told you so."'

'Then, what did you do?' queried the long-time model housekeeper, with a 'served you right' air.

'Do! why the sight of ruined coats, cloaks and articles innumerable, aroused all the house-cleaning spirit of my ancestors; and, forthwith, instead of enjoying a round of autumn gaiety, as I had planned to do, I proceeded at once to clean house from top to bottom, and to make both Jack and myself wretched for weeks.'

'I have the advantage of you, there,' interrupted one who had not before spoken, 'for my husband travels about half of the time, and so I always arrange to have the state of "tornupitiveness" when he is away, so he never sees his home upside down, or his wife looking like a fright.'

'But Jack never leaves home without me, so it was hard on both of us to find by costly experience that "mother's way" is a necessity, and not a housekeeper's whim, as we once thought. But after the first trial was well over, and we had made up, for to tell the truth I was so overwrought from start to finish that I provoked Jack into being anything but amiable, we—'

'Oh, that is a part of the programme,' interrupted the model housekeeper, as she considers herself, 'I never saw a man in my life who wasn't as cross as a bear during house-cleaning. My men folk talk as if it was a put up job to make them miserable; but I tell them it is pretty hard to slave as I do to keep our home sweet, and then hear continual fault-finding, because the house is in such an unsettled condition.'

'Why, you frighten me!' said the bride, who had seen housekeeping only through rose colored glasses, 'what with your proof that house-cleaning is a necessity, and cross husbands are sure to be the result, I—I—.'

'Just wait until you hear me through, before you begin to regret that you have assumed such responsibilities,' the experience-taught housewife made haste to say, 'and then I predict that you and yours will try to make the best of the situation, as Jack and I have.

'Well, to go on where I was interrupted, after the trying ordeal, and while our hearts were still sore over our depleted wardrobe, we talked the matter over and settled once for all, that house-cleaning, at once a year, was to be counted as among the must-be-dones; but we determined that subsequent ordeals should not mar our peace of mind as the first had done. Accordingly, we framed our agreement that in future only one or two rooms should be unsettled at the same time, and, besides, that under no conditions was I to engage in house-cleaning, myself, more than mornings. I also pledged myself not to look like a guy, and also not to become so overwrought as to lose self-control. Jack's part of the agreement was, that he was to help things to go smoothly by giving me loving sympathy.'

'You needn't add that it was a failure!' exclaimed the one who had stated that cross men was a part of the programme. 'I know that without your saying so; "loving sympathy, indeed!"'

'You are greatly mistaken, though,' was the laughing rejoinder, 'for we have both faithfully lived up to our agreement ever since. True I cannot boast of having a clean house as early in the season as some of you, but when the duty is done I am not a physical wreck, nor are there any hasty words to repent of, for Jack has lived up to his part of the agreement so faithfully that it has been easier for me to keep sweet tempered.' 'So take courage, my dear,' added she, glancing toward the bride, whose face lighted up as she listened to the telling of how Jack helped, 'for love surely lightens labor,' especially during the inevitable.

Fresh Air for Clothes.

Thorough airing of rooms and clothing becomes even more essential in summer than in winter. Unfortunately one class in the community lives where pure air, for any purpose, is unattainable; but even where pure air is a drug on the market there is astonishing carelessness in regard to this matter. It is the exceptional housewife whose wardrobes and closets are thoroughly aired every day, and yet the thing is imperative in hot weather; and hanging a garment dusty and damp with perspiration in a closed wardrobe or closet is a sanitary abomination. Beds should be aired to a degree of thoroughness that is uncommon even in wealthy families. Every article of clothing taken off should be spread out where the air can filter through it. Where the item of laundry expense makes daily change to fresh garments an impossibility one should, at least, if he owns two sets of clothing, keeping both going, wearing them alternately, while the one not in use is left exposed to the air, and, if possible, to the sunshine.—New York 'Sun.'

Useful Hints.

Flowers which are kept in water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved, will remain fresh for a couple of weeks.

To clean unvarnished black walnut, rub it with a soft flannel cloth which has been wrung out of either sweet or sour milk.

Add a little turpentine to the water with which the floor is scrubbed. It will take away the close smell and make the room delightfully fresh.

Marks that have been made on paint with matches can be removed by rubbing first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and washing with soap and water.

To remove any dish from a mould when cold, wrap a hot cloth about the outside of the mold for a minute or two. To remove a hot dish wrap a cold cloth about it.

When a kid glove begins to cut at the end, usually over the fingernail, insert a piece of kid to match on the inside, catching it to the seams. If neatly done it will not be clumsy looking, and it will delay the break for weeks.

A recipe for a very superior furniture polish given by a dealer in musical instruments to a housewife, as the cause of the shining surface of the pianos in his rooms, consists of four tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and ten drops of household ammonia. This polish must be thoroughly shaken before using, and apply with an old flannel or silk cloth. Rub briskly and thoroughly, which is at least a third of the merit of all polishes. Use a second cloth to rub the mixture into the grain of the wood, and a third for the final polish. —'Northwestern Advocate.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

Advertisements.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

Cures Indigestion and Constipation.

"I have been in constant use of your Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit for four months. I cannot speak all that is to be said in its behalf in this letter. It constitutes at least 30 per-cen of my food. It has cured Indigestion and Constipation. It seems to satisfy the appetite and to take the place of meats and other articles of food heretofore used. I believe there is nothing that will equal it for persons inclined to indigestion and constipation." I. B. PORTER, Denver, Colorado.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT
For Sale by all Grocers.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.
EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

her some fresh ones with the dew on them. The others aren't good enough for her.'

'All right, my boy; here is the money. Go and get what you want.'

He ate but little more dinner that day than the one before, and, tearing down the road to the florist's, he bought a dozen chrysanthemums almost as tall as himself.

You should have heard the boys cheer when he took them up to the teacher's desk! And as for the teacher, it was a little out of the ordinary line of things, but she just picked little Bill up in her arms and kissed him.

Dolly's Ambition.

(By Margaret J. Bidwell, in 'Union Signal.')

Dolly was pretty. No doubt about that, but Dolly was discontented. Life was monotonous up among the New Hampshire Hills, even though Tom Warren spent much of his time and substance in giving as great variety to Dolly's life as possible. The manly, good tempered giant adored the misguided young woman, who accepted his attentions with complacency, and trampled upon his feelings ruthlessly, after the manner of her kind.

Dolly was ambitious to live in Boston and be a 'saleslady.' One summer two young women from the 'Hub' boarded with the Mason family, and Dolly was bewitched by their bright ways and stylish garments.

One of them liked to talk of the glories of life in Boston, and finding Dolly an eager listener, had fired the country girl with a determination to shine as a saleslady. To be sure, Miss Grey, the elder of the two strangers, ran back from the gate, as they were leaving, and whispered: 'Don't mind Kate's stories, and don't run away from a good home and a splendid husband, Dolly.'

But Dolly pined for Boston. Tom refused to be snubbed any more, and at last the long-suffering father and mother gave their consent and twenty-five hard earned dollars to ambitious Dolly, who, one bright morning, tripped down to the gate and mounted the old farm waggon which was to carry her to the station.

The girl's heart smote her as she kissed her mother's worn face, but she determined to send home the very first money received for her work, and went her way, trying to believe that she was not selfish, and to forget Tom's wrathful visage when he learned of her intended flight.

There was a confusion of tongues at the great Northern Union Station in Boston. People were hurrying as they only hurried to a fire in New Hampshire. Dolly would have been frightened had she been alone; but at one of the suburban stations a tall lady, dressed in deep mourning, boarded the train and took the vacant seat next to Dolly. Before they reached the city the tall lady had learned that the pretty little girl was coming to Boston for the first time; that she wished to go to No. ——, Huntington Ave., where she expected to find Miss Kate Corthell, who claimed a residence there. Delighted was confiding Dolly to learn that her new acquaintance was one of Miss Corthell's dearest friends, and that her home was very near the house which Dolly wished to find. Of course she accepted an invitation to ride in the lady's carriage, and it was with a light heart and glowing face that she joined the surging crowd headed for the front entrance of the great station.

'Now, then, young woman, do you know where you are going, and with whom?' said a stern voice at her side, while a detaining hand touched her shoulder. Dolly turned in alarm, to find that the hand belonged to a tall man in a policeman's uniform, who sometimes did a little more than the city paid him for doing, and by a timely word of warning, saved some innocent girl from ruin and death. Dolly turned in affright to her new friend, but that lady had glided silently away, leaving no trace behind.

Explanations followed, and with a word of advice about trusting strangers, and many private misgivings as to whether it would not be better to take Miss Dolly to the station and lock her up safely until her friends could be sent for, the good fellow placed her upon the right car, charging the conductor to see that she got off at the proper place.

The number was easily found, the house proving to be a handsome private residence, where the name of Miss Kate Corthell was entirely unknown. There were vacant rooms in the neighborhood, however, and Dolly secured one of small dimensions, at a rather high figure.

Then the search of work began. Not a painful task, usually, for a young and pretty woman. Before noon Dolly had obtained a situation in one of the mammoth stores which adorn and afflict the great cities. Conditions: To stand upon her feet from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, giving strict attention to business, and to dress neatly and stylishly in black. As she was inexperienced, she would receive four dollars per week for her labor.

During the first day at the store, Miss Kate Corthell, in gorgeous apparel, appeared to Dolly, greeting the astonished girl with, 'Oh, Dolly Mason, what a fool you are!'

Dolly did her best. So had scores of other girls, just as bright and active, some of them as pretty as herself. At first the stir and bustle of the great store were pleasant and exhilarating; but it grew monotonous as the days slipped by, and four dollars a week was so little to pay for a room, for car fares, for laundry and for food. Dolly tried to economize, but her twenty-five dollars was soon gone, and she had not sent a penny home, though she wrote brave letters.

There was nothing left to buy clothes, and Dolly grew thin on a diet of 'butterthins' and water for breakfast, bread or creamcakes for dinner, and cookies for supper.

Despite all her care and skill, her one black dress began to grow shabby, and the dimpled face thin and pale. For some reason Miss Corthell did not seem friendly to Dolly, but in reality she kept a sharp eye upon her, watching her struggles to live honestly and to rise from the position she held to something higher. Many of the girls above her were toiling bravely and uncomplainingly, living clean lives through it all. Some of them, with fathers and brothers out of work, were helping to support their families. Now and then, one went down under the load.

When a girl became ill who had simply a room to call home, there was but one place for her—the hospital. One morning poor Dolly, who had struggled against hunger, perplexity and a heavy cold taken in the store, found herself too ill to rise, and so lay shivering in her bed until late in the day, when the landlady entered her room and finding her half delirious, sent for a doctor, who ordered her removal to the city hospital.

Kate Corthell, who had always felt a little ashamed of her part in bringing Dolly to the city, soon found her and within an hour after that event had sent a telegram to Tom Warren.

And so it happened that when, one day, the poor girl opened her eyes, weak and exhausted but in possession of her senses, the first thing she saw was Tom's handsome face, and it did more for her than all the doctors in Boston could have done at that moment.

Tom went out a happy man, despite the fact that Dolly was too ill to talk with her lips. A little later he asked her if she were tired of Boston and would go back to New Hampshire with him. Dolly said 'Yes' to both questions.

A Helping Hand.

A helping hand we all may give,
When hearts are sad, and skies are gray
And something find each day we live
To help another on the way.

A helping hand may sow the seed
From which the fruits of goodness grow
And to the right may gently lead
The erring from the path of woe.

A helping hand we may all need,
When darkest sorrows leave their trace
Some one to comfort and to lead,
To give us strength and trustful grace.

A helping hand where'er we go,
A ray of sunshine may impart,
And simple deeds of kindness show
A noble and a generous heart.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Mar. 22, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Lord Paunceforte—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Ping-Pong, or Sound Without Sense—From a victimized correspondent, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Torture in the Philippines—Open Letter to Secretary Root.
Life and Work on a Steam Trawler—By Robert H. Sh[illegible] [illegible] from the London 'Daily Express.'
War Against Disease in New York—[illegible]
Fish Culture to be Taught by the State of New York—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Our Vanishing Buffalo—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Garland Collection of Chinese Porcelain—'The Times,' London.
Where Garland's Rare Porcelains Were Found—By Ivy Lee, in the New York 'Times.'
Art in Transit to America—New York 'Evening Post.'
Curiosity and Horror in the Theatre—'The Mail,' London.
The New School of British Music—By Ernest Newman, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Pianists and Piano Playing—By W. Henderson, in the New York 'Times.'
Music and Health—'Health,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Worker in Metal—By Christian Barker.
Grey Twilight—Poem, by Arthur Symons, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
An Appreciation of Dr. S. R. Gardiner—By [illegible] Robertson, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
Political Other-Worldliness—Westminster 'Budget.'
The Problem of the Fourth Gospel—By Dr. Gore, Bishop of Worcester, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Judge Me According to Mine Integrity—From a sermon by Horace Bushnell.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

The Birth of a World—By F. Legge, in 'The Academy,' London.
Vagaries of the Tides—From 'The London Shipping World.'
Breathing Without Air—'Scientific American.'
The Amateur Home Aquarium—From 'Good Housekeeping.'

'WORLD WIDE'
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

LESSON II.—APRIL 13, 1902.

Peter, Aeneas and Dorcas.

Acts ix., 32—43.

Golden Text.

'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.'—Acts ix., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 7.—Acts ix., 32-43.
Tuesday, April 8.—Job xxix., 1-13.
Wednesday, April 9.—Deut. xv., 7-11.
Thursday, April 10.—Matt. xxv., 31-40.
Friday, April 11.—Gal. vi., 1-10.
Saturday, April 12.—I. Tim. vi., 9-19.
Sunday, April 13.—Mark ii., 1-12.

Lesson Text.

(32) And it came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. (33) And there he found a certain man named Aeneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. (34) And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. (35) And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord (36) Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple called Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. (37) And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. (38) And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. (39) Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. (40) But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. (41) And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up: and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive. (42) And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord. (43) And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner.

Notes from Peloubet.

Healing the sick.—As Peter passed throughout all quarters. He went everywhere visiting and encouraging and teaching the new churches formed by the persecuted Christians, and keeping them in touch with the apostolic church in Jerusalem. Peter did more for the church at Jerusalem by going on these evangelizing tours than by concentrating all energies on Jerusalem alone. Work beyond its borders always aids the home church. 'It is like the dew of heaven. It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.' The saints which dwelt at Lydda. All Lydda, in the rich plain of Sharon in northwest Judea, was a city of considerable size, about a day's journey from Jerusalem. Here, according to tradition, was born St. George, 'the patron saint of England,' the hero of the mythical story of St. George and the Dragon, immortalized in poetry and painting.

He found. As he went about doing good. It was not chance, but providence, in connection with his own seeking for ways to help others. Named Aeneas. Very nearly the same as Aeneas (with 'ei' instead of 'e' in middle syllable), the hero of Troy in Virgil's poem. Kept his bed eight years. So that the cure must have been miraculous. And was sick of the palsy. Palsy is a contraction of the word 'paralysis.' The term is used by the ancient physicians in a much wider sense than by our modern men of science. It included not only what we call paralysis, which is rarely very painful, but also catalepsy and tetanus, i.e., cramps and lockjaw. Both were very painful and dangerous.

Goods works for the poor are characteristic of the Christian religion. They are proofs of discipleship (Matt. xxv., 34-46; Jas. i., 27). Not much flows from the stagnant pool of formal religion, but much from a fountain of living water in the soul. Good trees must bring forth good fruits in their season. We are God's children when we do God's works.

Saron (Sharon) was the district of which Lydda was the chief city. And turned to the Lord. Had their attention turned to the Lord, and recognized him as the Messiah.

Lydda was nigh to Joppa. Ten miles.—Hastings. Heard that Peter was there. 'It was too late to send for a physician, but not too late to send for Peter. A physician after death is an absurdity, but not an apostle after death.'—M. Henry. The burial preparations, and the delay in order to reach Peter, showed that death had actually taken place. Delay to come to them. They knew that Peter had wrought some great miracles in Jesus' name, though he had not restored the dead. But they hoped that he might help them in some way. He must hasten, as every hour's delay tended to decay the body, and lessened the hope of restoration.

When he was come . . the widows stood by him weeping. The poor widows for whom Dorcas had made the coats and garments which (Greek, what a quantity, how many). Dorcas made. Was accustomed to make. Shewing. By pointing to the garments they had on (so the Greek).

Peter put them all forth, as Christ did from the room of Jairus's daughter, and as Elijah, in restoring the Shunammite's son. This would keep him from interruption, let God's will be done, and the Lord's will as to Tabitha; it would avoid all appearance of display. Probably Peter did not know at first what the result would be. Kneeled down, and prayed, to learn the Lord's will, and to receive his power. Tabitha, arise. If he used the Aramaic, the common language, the expression would be 'Tabitha cumi,' differing but one letter from the 'Talitha cumi' of Mark v., 41, which he heard the Master speak in the sick chamber at Capernaum. And she opened her eyes, as one awaking from sleep. She sat up, showing that she was really alive again.

Gave her his hand, to help her up after she was alive. Jesus took Jairus's daughter's hand before she was restored.

And it was (became) known . . . and many believed in the Lord. The good works which the disciples did, on the one hand, and the power of the Lord to heal and save, on the other, both commended the gospel to the people, and made it known everywhere.

Tarried many days. Peter struck while the iron was hot. The harvest was ripe, it was great, the laborers were few. Joppa was a large city, a busy seaport, and hence an excellent centre from which to send forth the knowledge of the gospel. With one Simon a tanner whose house was by the seaside (Acts x., 6).

C. E. Topic.

Sun., April 13.—Topic—Giving: its laws; its reflex influence. II. Cor. viii., 1-15; ix., 6, 7; I. Cor. xvi., 1, 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

VANITY FAIR.

Mon., April 7.—Vain pleasures, Eccl. ii., 10, 11.

Tues., April 8.—Self-will. Prov. xiv., 12.

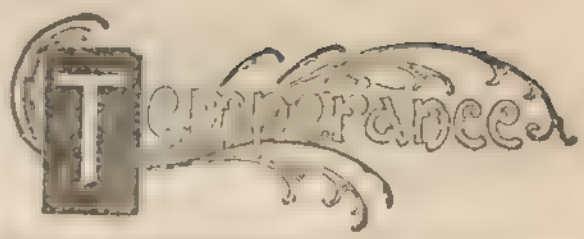
Wed., April 9.—Worldly ambitions. John xii., 43.

Thu., April 10.—Worldly wealth. Job xxi., 13.

Fri., April 11.—Passing away. I. Cor. vii., 21.

Sat., April 12.—Abiding forever. I. John ii., 17.

Sun., April 13.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress. IV. Vanity Fair and its dangers. Matt. iv., 8-10; I. John ii., 15.



A Temperance Revival.

All sorts of objections and excuses will be offered when you propose an energetic movement. Besides a dozen other things, you will be told that Canada is the most temperate country in the world. That there is really no need for all this fuss. That all such movements only stir up strife and create ill-will among neighbors. Well, that is exactly what Jesus Christ said fighting battles for him and the conquest of the world to righteousness, would do.

Perhaps a few illustrations of the fruits of the traffic in this most temperate country will enable us to see that there is a necessity for more work being done. These fatalities all occurred in Canada within the past few months. I know of many others, but only these in printed form are now before me, and each reader will know of others in his own neighborhood, many of which never get into the papers:

'Two men, drunk, were drowned in the St. Lawrence River by the upsetting of their boat.'

'A young man, aged twenty-seven, who had been drinking very heavily, was run over by the city street-cars and killed.'

'A young married man, a farmer, was drowned while under the influence of intoxicating liquor.'

'A young man, who had been drinking very heavily, missed his train, and for this reason walked home (nine miles), through a severe rainstorm. After reaching his home he only lived a few hours.'

There is no difficulty in multiplying these items. Cut them out, as they occur, and make a scrap-book of them, and long before the year is ended, you will be amazed.

Drunkenness is on the increase in Canada, as a result of our late drowsiness.

Such is the report from along the St. Lawrence River, especially where the canal works are being carried on.

Such is the report from Hamilton, where one of the papers gave an editorial a column long to point out the danger.

The same from Toronto, where, on a Monday morning a few months ago, a larger number than usual of young men were up before the police court for drunkenness, the majority of whom had never been there before. In exact keeping with all this, our recent liquor statistics show a considerable increase in the consumption of intoxicants.

Brethren, God may ask us in his great day why the liquor traffic was not stopped. —Rev. D. V. Lucas, in 'Christian Guardian.'

The Prophet Mohammed and Wine.

'Wine brings a tenfold curse. It brings a curse
On him who makes it for another's use,
On him who makes it for himself alone,
On him who drinketh of the poison draught,
On him who carries it from place to place,
On him to whom the poisoned grape is brought,
On him who serves it to the eager guest,
On him who sells it to another's hurt,
On him who profits by the harmful sale,
On him who buys it for himself alone,
On him who buys it for another's use:—
These ten shall be accursed,' Mohammed said.

Since I abandoned alcohol in surgery I have not had a bad, prolonged, or fatal case of shock. In this very condition, a few years ago, it was considered the remedy 'par excellence.' Now, in a death from shock following a surgical operation, where alcohol has been liberally administered, I should consider it well to inquire whether the alcohol had not been instrumental in causing the death. I believe, as a rule, surgery will be more successful, by a large percentage, without the employment of alcohol.—Dr. Chas. D. Davis, Chicago.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Strange Mistake.

What would you boys and girls think, I wonder, if some day, when you were sitting in church, the preacher, whom you considered a very wise and wonderful man, told his audience 'that every one of them had two ears—one very broad reaching down to hell; the other very straight and narrow reaching up to heaven.'

A missionary in South Africa once told this to his Zulu congregation at a time when he did not know their language very well. You would say: 'It is not true; I don't believe it!' A native is fairly credulous, thinks a white man a very wonderful person indeed, and capable of doing almost anything; but I doubt very much if he could be made to credit such a statement! Of course it was all a mistake, and very easily explained.

The missionary meant to speak about the broad and narrow way, as spoken of in Matthew vii., 13, 14, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.' He wished to explain to the people that they had all two ways to choose from, the broad and the narrow, and so on. But the missionary made one simple mistake, a very easy slip; he used a wrong word, that was all.

Here are the two words in Zulu. Look at them well and see how easily he blundered. 'Indhlela,' means 'way,' 'indhlebe' means 'ear.' He used 'indhlebe' (ear), instead of 'indhlela,' (way). I can imagine how solemnly he would speak on such a subject, and how puzzled his audience would look.

Perhaps you say: 'What a dreadful mistake!' Yes, it was! We are all liable to mistakes, but how will it fare with those who at the end find they have made the irretrievable mistake of choosing the broad way which leadeth to destruction, 'when God has commanded us to enter in at the strait gate.'

Just as the missionary made a very simple mistake, such an easy slip, so you may as easily and simply make the awful blunder of never entering the strait gate of heaven through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, but slip along your own way along the broad path of heedlessness and sin.

THREE ZULU GIRLS.

The three girls you see in the picture live near the Majuba Mission Station, Natal. They have dressed themselves in their smartest blankets, all gaily adorned with bright-colored beads, to have their photographs taken. They have put on all their bead ornaments and wire bangles that they wear when they go to their dances or beer-drinks, and one girl carries a native doll.

When this picture was taken some time ago they were all heathen. Now, I am sure you will be glad to hear that two of them have expressed the desire to 'enter in at the strait gate.' The third has not, so far as I know.

May God by his Spirit show them and us how strait the gate is to enter by, and how narrow the way is to walk in that leads to the eternal city. And, oh! do remember that there are thousands of heathen who have never yet heard of Jesus Christ, 'the way, the truth, and the life'; and thousands who never can hear so long as we are selfishly indolent and indifferent. If you have not as yet joined the Young Home Helpers' Union for boys and girls, do so at once and thus help us by your prayers, your efforts and your gifts.—Constance Grieve, in 'The Christian.'

Two Child Martyrs of Shansi.

By Mrs. Saunders.

Isabel, aged one and three-quarter years. Jessie, aged seven and one-quarter years.

My dear young friends, I have been asked to tell you a little about our dear Jessie (one of the child-martyrs in Shan-si) who is now in heaven. She was born in China on April 12, 1893, and was always a bright, healthy child. I do not remember her being in bed a single day because of illness. She was very fond of animals, and dearly loved a donkey-ride; she would ride quite fearlessly through a Chinese city. With the native Christians she was a great favorite; she seemed always to see the bright side of life, and was so loving and lovable.

Very early she learned to love Jesus, and was fond of hymns and Bible stories. She especially liked me to repeat to her that hymn commencing—

'Jesus, who lived above the sky,'

and always seemed so sorry that Jesus had suffered so much for us. She would sometimes say 'When I see him I will look for the marks of the nails in his hands and feet.'

She liked to talk of his return, and looked for it in a most natural way. We were expecting to take her and George—her younger brother—to Chefoo this spring, and, to her loving nature, the thought of leaving home was not easy. One day we overheard her say to her brother, 'Perhaps we won't go to Chefoo, Jesus may come before then.'

On another day, when talking about the same subject—the return of the Lord—the children said, 'When we hear the trumpet sound in the sky, we will run in very fast so that we may all go together.' Jessie was always ready for a Bible story, and liked especially to hear of Jesus rising from the dead. Her life in China, with her brother George, and her two little sisters, Nellie and Isabel, was a very happy one.

She was fond of sitting by my side on the 'K'ang' or brick-bed, while I talked to the Chinese women about Jesus and his love. Often when we passed people in the street she would say, 'Do you think they have heard of Jesus?'

But the time came when our happy home was to be broken up. Oh! it was so sudden and unexpected! On June 26, 1900, we had passed the day as usual; I had been busy preparing apricot jam for our winter use; after the children's tea they had their romp as usual and their bath, after which we always liked to have a hymn and a little reading before they went to sleep. That evening the portion in 'Peep of Day' was, 'The Crucifixion of our Lord,' and when I left our darlings in bed, Jessie was still looking at the picture of Jesus on the cross.

In the cool of the evening, Miss Guthrie, Mr. Jennings, my husband and myself were sitting in our courtyard, when our native helper came to tell us that wicked men were burning our house and preaching shop in the city. Knowing that they might come next to our house in the suburb, we went inside and prayed to God for guidance; we knew we were in his hands—'a very safe place to be at all times.' These were the closing words in the last letter of Mr. Wm. Cooper to us. While on our knees, the crowd came and began throwing stones, etc., into our courtyard; so, quickly taking the children from their beds, where they were so peacefully sleeping, we escaped by another gate, and, going up a long country road, we reached another gate of the city and went to the Mandarin. He said he could do nothing for us, and advised us to leave the city quietly at daybreak, which we did. This was the beginning of a long, long journey full of weariness and peril.

Dear Jessie often cheered us by her simple faith. She would remind us Jesus was on before. One day we were in an inn and were attacked by a band of 'Boxers,' who treated us badly; we prayed, and Jessie would say, 'Keep on praying, mother.' I said to her, 'Darling, let us all pray in our hearts; we are so tired.' But she said, 'Mother, just once more,' and after that prayer the crowd left the inn-yard. How the dear child's eyes glistened as she said, 'Jesus has sent them away!' When on the road we were robbed of everything, including most of our clothes, and as we went on with our bare, blistered feet in the burning sun, with no covering for our heads, we were treated very cruelly. Stoned and beaten, often hungry and thirsty, and for several nights sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, it was so comforting to know she did not think harshly of these poor people who were treating us so. She would say: 'If they loved Jesus they would not do this'; and so many times she reminded us that Jesus was hungry and had no place to lay his head. When our clothes were taken away she said: 'They took Jesus' clothes when they put him on the Cross'; and again, when one day we were lodged in a place where animals were fed, as we put the children into the stone manger and I was fanning Jessie, who was very weak, she looked up so sweetly and said, 'Jesus was born in a place like this,' and the thought semed to help her very much.

She often spoke of the native Christians, mentioning them by name, and expressing the hope that they were not being hurt or killed. After we had been a month on our journey our sweet baby, Isabel, was taken by the Good Shepherd to heaven; she had been so patient and passed away so peacefully, we could only rejoice for her that she was safe for evermore. A week later Jessie joined her little sister. She was tired and worn out but also very patient though the last few days she would often say 'Mother, I do want a comfortable place.' Jesus heard her cry, and took her to that beautiful place prepared for her—what a lovely change from our awful surroundings to his own presence!

Though we miss our darlings very sorely, we must not wish them back, they are still our little girlies; George and Nellie often say, 'We are still four, two in heaven and two on earth.' When Jesus comes, and 'the time will not be long,' he will bring them with him, I. Thess. 4 : 14. When Jessie was asked whom she loved best, she would answer, 'Jesus.' Dear young friends, whom do you love best? Jesus loves you; he died for you, and is now in heaven preparing a place for you; he is coming again. Will you be ready when Jesus comes? Are you doing anything for him?—'China's Millions.'

Phillips Brooks and the Cross Child.

Bishop Phillips Brooks was much attached to children, and had many familiar acquaintances among them. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling him of some childish grievance and concluded her story with the words, 'It made me real cross.' 'Cross,' exclaimed the Bishop, 'why, C——, I didn't suppose you were ever cross.' 'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?' 'I don't know whether I would or not,' said the Bishop; 'perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?' 'No,' said the girl. 'Did it make anybody feel any better?' 'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly. 'Then,' answered the Bishop, 'I don't see any sense in being cross, and I wouldn't be again if I were you, little woman.'

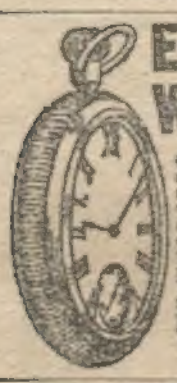
Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

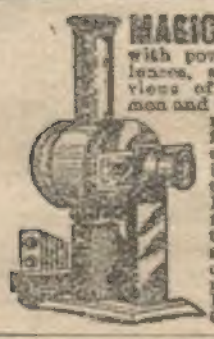
All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Advertisements.



Earn This Watch

by selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something every body needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with large nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 403, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

Solid gold or silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of sweet pea seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and receive this beautiful bracelet in a neat box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 431 Toronto.**

FREE

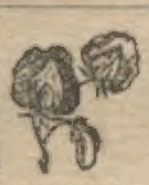
GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $20.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner complete, given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON



Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, aluminet case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Prize Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto.

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 finest varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This Watch looks worth $20.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. beautiful Heart Pins consisting of a Golden Star, set with a brilliant sparkling imitation Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, etc., from which swings a beautiful little horn of plenty. These Pins look worth 50c. At our price, only 15c. **they go like wildfire.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE PIN CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

Advertisements.

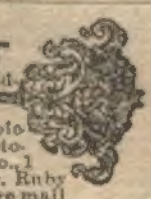
EASILY EARNED A WATCH WITHOUT COST

Do you want a watch that looks exactly like a $75.00 Solid Gold Watch? Our Watch has a dust-proof Gold laid case, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, hard enamelled dial, and fitted with an excellent imported jewelled movement, American style, quick train, expansion balance adjusted to position, with patent escapement, highly finished. **This is a remarkable Watch. We guarantee it,** and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. Do you want this Watch? If so here is your chance to get it. We give it **absolutely Free** for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. stylish, full sized, Gold topped, elegantly designed Hat Pins, each set with a large brilliant cut sparkling imitation Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, etc. They are a great bargain at 25c. At our price, only 15c. each, **they go like wildfire.** Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you the Hat Pins. Sell them at 15c. each, return us the money, and we will send by mail, postpaid, your **handsome Gold Laid Watch, guaranteed** equal in appearance to a $75.00 **Solid Gold Watch. THE JEWELRY CO., WATCH DEPT. TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

AIR RIFLE

FREE for selling at 15c. each, only 12 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427 TORONTO.**

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT



Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427. TORONTO**

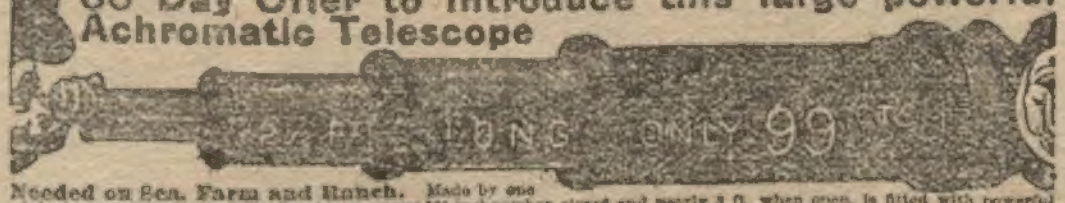
FREE

FREE BICYCLE

FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are giving **them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely designed Gold-finished Tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and **go like wildfire** at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $20.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 430 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to Introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope



Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 16½ inches when closed and nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $4.50 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 98c, postpaid.** This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for $1. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Box 429 Toronto.

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 402 Toronto**

Advertisements.

FREE

Gold Inlaid Solid Alaska Silver Watch, open face, stem wind and set, screw back and bezel, highly finished and positively dust proof. The movement is **full-jewelled** with quick train and expansion balance, perfectly regulated and adjusted, a thoroughly reliable **Time-keeper. Given** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest most fragrant flowering varieties. **Everybody buys them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send this magnificent Gold Inlaid Watch, postpaid. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 435 Toronto**

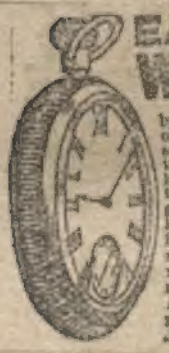
FREE

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 2 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., BOX 431 TORONTO.**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling at 15c. only 4 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return 60c. and receive this fine knife, postpaid. **FREE**

JEWELRY CO., BOX 418 Toronto

EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops and with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

PERCUSSION GUN FREE

Given for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $1.50 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 421 TORONTO.**

FREE WATCH

Boys! We give this handsome and reliable nickel plated American Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $2.40, and receive this Watch, with Chain and Charm. Prize Seed Co., Box 458 Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 25c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 427, Toronto.

FREE

We give this reliable Boy's Watch for selling 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10 cts each; or this dainty and accurate Ladies' Watch with ornamented dial and gold hands for selling 3 dozen. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant varieties of all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your watch postpaid. Two dozen for selling seeds is short, so order at once. THE PRIZE SEED CO., Box 459 Toronto.

Advertisements.

The Prize Seed Co., one of the largest and wealthiest concerns in Toronto, is giving free all the above Premiums and over a **hundred** others shown in their Premium List, to all bright boys and girls and ladies for an hour's easy work. Their plan, which is very simple and straightforward, is to have you sell 1 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 different kinds of Sweet Pea Seeds, which if bought separately would cost $2.00. They are all fragrant, large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. **The greatest and easiest selling package on earth. Many agents sell all in a few minutes. NO MONEY IS REQUIRED.** Simply send your name and address at once and you will receive the one dozen packages of Seeds, also their elegant illustrated Premium List. Sell the Seeds, return the money ($1.20) to the Company, and they will send you any premium in their list given for selling $1.20 worth. **Prize Seed Co., Box 461, Toronto**

44 PIECE TEA SET

FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling 45 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE. Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 456 TORONTO.

STEEL AIR RIFLE FREE

Given for selling only 15 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

CAMERA

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

for selling only 15 large packages of sweet pea seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 2 Developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver Paper and full Directions. Write, and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send Camera and Outfit carefully packed, postpaid. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. The Prize Seed Co., Box 427 Toronto.

SILK REMNANTS

By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 15c. silver. Two for 25c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 461 Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner complete, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 445 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE GOLD WATCH

LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE, handsome Gold-filled Double Hunting Case, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs. Stem wind and set with reliable JEWELLED movement. LOOKS WELL WORTH $20.00. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 20 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. THEY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this handsome Watch postpaid. AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 438 TORONTO.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 440 Toronto.**

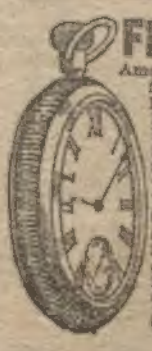
FREE COLD WATCH

Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable **jewelled** movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 435 Toronto, Ont.**

Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

FREE



We give this handsome polished nickel Watch, American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 423 TORONTO.**